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OUR SPECIAL EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENCE.

Chateau de W——, *November*, 1858.

I am among the chateaux, and happy to be so in this cold November weather, for they are well warmed by caloriferes in the passages and sparkling wood fires in the chimneys; and the long evenings are agreeably spent in this choice and intimate society. Time enough by-and-by for Paris theatres and Paris soirées. The Emperor remains in his Chateau of Compiègne until the end of the month. Why should I not follow this illustrious example and remain here?

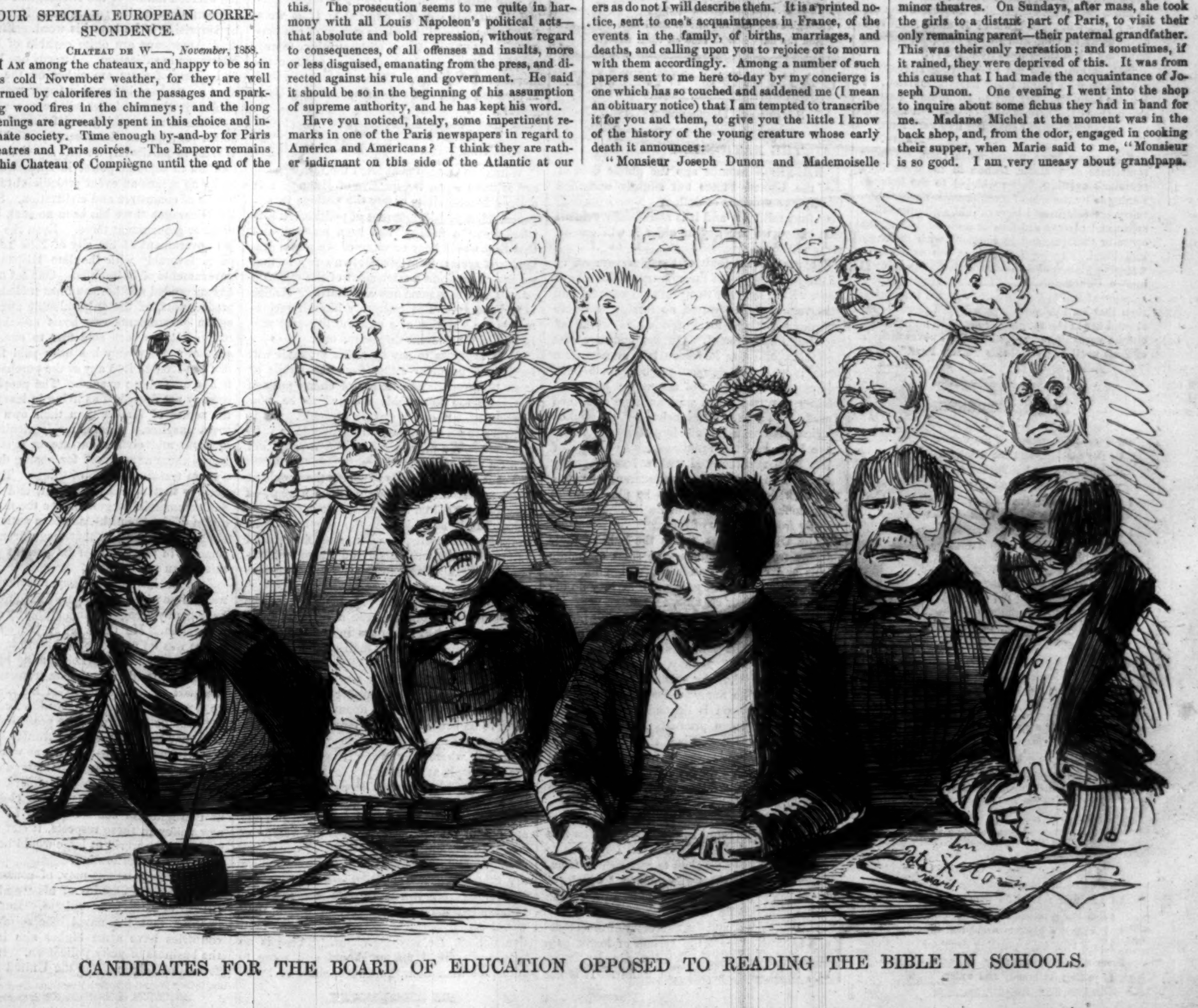
I accompanied my hosts, the other day, to a dinner at the Duke de W——'s. The party was not large—only some of their country neighbors, but among these are some of the most polished and agreeable persons of Paris society. The absence of all Imperialists allowed recent political events to be discussed with more freedom than would have been courteous under other circumstances. Portugal and the affair of the *Charles-Georges*, and the spirited and sensible letter which the Emperor has addressed to Prince Napoleon upon the subject of this free negro emigration, which, it is evident, was as little *free* as possible—these, and, above all, the prosecution of Monsieur Montalembert, were descanted upon with that indescribable ease and wit, and at the same time shrewdness, which give such a charm to French conversation, very much degenerated, as I suppose it is, since its palmy days of fifty or sixty years ago, but still, thanks to the readiness with which their language aids their talent, by far the most perfect of colloquial exhibitions. It is said the Emperor is in a devout mood, and has made this manifestation of his horror of the slave-trade as a set-off against his unwillingness to interfere in the Jew Mortara case against the decision of Pope and cardinals. As for Count Montalembert, I think England and the English are so disliked by all parties in France that he would have met with more sympathy if he was to be tried for abusing rather than for praising their faithful allies. The Emperor is supposed not to have wished to notice this publication, but to have been urged on to do so by his ministers. I doubt this. The prosecution seems to me quite in harmony with all Louis Napoleon's political acts—that absolute and bold repression, without regard to consequences, of all offenses and insults, more or less disguised, emanating from the press, and directed against his rule and government. He said it should be so in the beginning of his assumption of supreme authority, and he has kept his word.

Have you noticed, lately, some impertinent remarks in one of the Paris newspapers in regard to America and Americans? I think they are rather indignant on this side of the Atlantic at our having *presumed* to measure ourselves with European diplomatists and secure a prior treaty with China and Japan. Then, too, the French dislike the idea of sympathy and a good understanding existing between the English and the Americans. In the first place, they can not understand it, for they consider them *natural enemies;* and as all Frenchmen think *we* should never have been a nation but for their potent aid and gracious permission, they think it ungrateful of us to oppose their policy or ideas in any way. I am not sorry to see this feeling springing up in France about Americans, particularly if it could tend to make the latter more regardful than they have hitherto been of the *holy* bond which must ever unite them with the English—they being the sole possessors of liberty and its institutions—those rights which make *men*, in the true sense of the word, of the English and their descendants—and which circumstance, if the *will* of the two nations were united, and their material resources combined, would not only make them a bulwark against all aggression, but the dictators and regenerators of the world. You will perhaps think I am unjust in claiming for ourselves and cousins the sole possession of freedom, since Sardinia bravely holds on her way, and Prussia has changed her course, and the vessel promises to nobly obey her helm; and there are other symptoms in other lands. I grant there is hope in all this; but as I have not space here to unfold my thought, I must content myself with repeating my belief that England and America are the only countries where true liberty exists.

You probably know what a "*faire part*," as they are commonly called, is, but for such of your readers as do not I will describe them. It is a printed notice, sent to one's acquaintances in France, of the events in the family, of births, marriages, and deaths, and calling upon you to rejoice or to mourn with them accordingly. Among a number of such papers sent to me here to-day by my concierge is one which has so touched and saddened me (I mean an obituary notice) that I am tempted to transcribe it for you and them, to give you the little I know of the history of the young creature whose early death it announces:

"Monsieur Joseph Dunon and Mademoiselle Adèle Dunon inform you of the death of Mademoiselle Marie Dunon, their grand-daughter and sister, who died at Paris the 29th of October, 1858, aged twenty-one years. Pray for her soul."

Opposite to the apartment I have occupied for several years in the Rue de ——, at Paris, is the rather humble shop of a modiste and lingère. It has changed hands lately; but five or six years ago it was occupied by a coarse-looking woman of unprepossessing mien and repulsive countenance, named Michel, and who was assisted in her business by a young girl, an extraordinary contrast to herself, and whom every one remarked for her gentle, subdued air, and pretty face and form. She was called the niece of the woman Michel, who, by-the-way, had a bad reputation in the quartier, and was said to be harsh and exacting toward Marie and her younger sister Adèle, who also worked in the shop. A bachelor should not be supposed to have much to do with modistes, but I had often little matters to arrange and commissions to execute, in which I asked counsel and aid from my neighbors, to whom I became very well known. It was a pleasure to me, when returning from my club before dinner, to see, through the lighted window of the shop, Marie diligently plying her needle, with her little sister Adèle, who had not "her fatal gift of beauty," sitting as close to her as she could, or in the summer evenings, to see them in the door-way of their little shop, their arms around each other's waists, and breathing such air as the narrow street afforded. The woman Michel never left them until they were locked up in their little entresol bedroom at night, and then she always went out until a late hour, probably to one of the minor theatres. On Sundays, after mass, she took the girls to a distant part of Paris, to visit their only remaining parent—their paternal grandfather. This was their only recreation; and sometimes, if it rained, they were deprived of this. It was from this cause that I had made the acquaintance of Joseph Dunon. One evening I went into the shop to inquire about some fichus they had in hand for me. Madame Michel at the moment was in the back shop, and, from the odor, engaged in cooking their supper, when Marie said to me, "Monsieur is so good. I am very uneasy about grandpapa.



CANDIDATES FOR THE BOARD OF EDUCATION OPPOSED TO READING THE BIBLE IN SCHOOLS.

It rained on Sunday, and we could not go to see him, and when that happens he generally manages to send us a message; but this is Thursday, and we have heard nothing. He is so very old;" and the tears stood in Marie's beautiful eyes. "I will go and see about him to-morrow," I said. She quickly gave me the address, almost in a whisper, as Madame Michel looked suspiciously in at the door. Five or six months after this I saw, on two or three occasions, a gentleman's carriage standing at the shop door, and a gray-headed, confidential-looking man-servant in earnest conference with Madame Michel. I saw Marie less often in the shop; and one evening I noticed her there, evidently weeping, though her face was turned from the window, and I felt she was in trouble. I was called away about this time for a short interval, and the evening I returned I saw neither Marie nor Adèle in the shop. I did not like to attract notice to my acquaintance with my opposite neighbors, so I was not the first to allude to the subject; but when I went in that night to my concierge's lodge for my bed-candle she burst out,

"Pretty doings we have had here in Monsieur's absence. Marie Dunon has been *sold* by that *she devil* opposite for ten thousand francs. I saw her with my own eyes last Thursday morning at five o'clock weeping bitterly, and almost forced into a carriage by that old man-servant, who has been negotiating the affair these three weeks, and who carried her away to his master. I did not mind Mère Michel, though she did call me 'a meddlesome fool,' but I went and stood by the door of the carriage, and I said, 'Mademoiselle Marie, if you want a friend, here am I;' and she looked at me so piteously and said, 'Never mind me, Madame Bonor; but I have placed my little sister there with the Sœurs Chrétienne at the end of the street; speak to her sometimes for my sake,' and the carriage drove off."

I was indignant at this recital. I could not sleep all night; and I determined the next morning to go to the grandfather, and back him up in any efforts to remedy this foul crime. Accordingly ten o'clock found me knocking at old Dunon's room door, up five pair of stairs. I found him sitting in a comfortable arm-chair, a warm fire in the chimney, excellent coffee, and other viands smoking upon the table for his breakfast, and he waited upon by the little daughter of his concierge—all of which, he told me with exultation after the first salutations were passed, he owed to the love and care of his little Marie, who had made a *good marriage*, and gone to live at Strasbourg, having first placed her sister at school, and settled a good weekly sum upon him. He was afraid, he said, that he was too old to hope to see her again, and he should miss the sight of her pretty face; but she was happy, and it was well for her, and he must be content. Could I undeceive the old man? and what good would it effect? No; I came away leaving him in his delusion, and the next day I had these lines from Marie:

"MONSIEUR,—Do not undeceive grandpapa or my sister, who think I am happily married. I I have been *sold*, but not to an unkind master; and perhaps the holy Mother of God will listen to my prayer, and that I shall not live very long.

"MARIE."

Four years have passed since then. I have sometimes seen Marie Dunon in the dusk of a summer's evening, being whirled to the Bois de Boulogne by the side of a well-known Paris voluptuary. Sometimes I have caught a glimpse of her sweet and always sad face in a closed box at the opera or theatres, and in company with the same individual. Twice I have met her at German watering-places, and always with the same well-known Count de ——. The last time was this summer at Baden-Baden, and I thought I remarked then that her Cashmere was wrapped more closely around her in the evening promenade, and that her cheeks were thinner and paler; but I never thought of *death* until I received this "Faire Part."

Adieu. E——.

IN THE STREETS.

I.

Oh sing, if you please, of the waving trees,
Of the sunshine and the farming!
Though it may be health, and it may be wealth,
Yet work is very alarming.
I hate the broad glare, when the people can stare
At your clothes by the light of the morning,
I like the night best, when the fools are at rest,
And I'm off at the earliest dawning.

II.

Oh sing, if you will, of the musical rill,
Of the meadow and the mountain!
But the spot for my feet is the stone-clad street,
And my music the old Park fountain.
When the night comes down on the glorious town,
Without a thought on the weather,
As bold as a hawk I start on my walk
With a heart like a humming-bird's feather.

III.

The night hath a spell that answers me well,
It puts all men on a level;
If my clothes do not suit, or the holes in my boot,
Why, the critic can go to the ——.
For why should I care; the street and the air
Are as free to me as to any,
The millionaire bold, with his jewels and gold,
Or the wretch who has never a penny.

IV.

There is many a sight on the streets at night
To make the blood thrill the faster—
An oath and a blow for the fallen low,
From her gracious lord and master;
A curse and a knife to a helpless wife,
And a kick for a pleading daughter,
From a jolly big man, who as loud as he can
Is yelling for brandy and water.

V.

It is capital fun, when the fighting is done,
To see him go into the groggery,
And the bar-keeper come, with his poisonous rum,
And admiringly brush off his toggery.
I admire it so, I invariably go
To speak to the wife broken-hearted,
In exchange for her frown I lay the law down
That herself and the brute should live parted.

VI.

And the street is the place for an omnibus race,
If the driver has only been drinking—
The chances are strong, as he dashes along,
He will catch some old fellow unthinking;
And then what a joke to see his leg broke,
Or the life blown out like a taper!
But the driver can't stay, so he hurries away,
And reads it next day in the paper.

VII.

I have a taste for a wasp-like waist,
For a beautiful foot in a gaiter,
So I go by night, when the gas shines bright,
To the opera or theatre;
These beauties I see, though they can not see me
As I crouch in the shade on the paving,
I enjoy all the show, and as quietly go
And rejoice with myself on the saving.

VIII.

But of all the delights that I dwell on of nights
A well-kindled fire is glorious,
'Tis peculiarly fine to see the light shine,
And I can not help getting uproarious;
Ah, then for the fun of a scamper and run!
And the bells, how they shout in the chorus!
How I pull and I try to screw on the plug,
Lest Forty gets water before us!

IX.

In the sleet and the snow it is splendid to go
And stand near the blaze till the morrow,
To get thoroughly warm in the midst of the storm,
And watch its last glimmer in sorrow.
Then of all the delights that I wish for of nights
The clash of the bells is the greater;
'Tis a music most dear to the listening ear
Of the shivering watcher and waiter.

X.

You may sing, if you please, of the perfumed breeze
That floats over hill-side and heather;
The country may do, with its flowers, for you,
As long as 'tis sunshiny weather;
But the town, like a bride that is decked in her pride,
Shall blossom and bloom forever;
Through every day the streets shall look gay,
And the flowers shall fade on them never.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1858.

THE NATIONAL FINANCES.

EIGHTEEN months ago the public debt of the United States but slightly exceeded twenty-five millions of dollars. Now it exceeds fifty-four millions, and it is abundantly evident that before we are a year older it will exceed sixty millions.

This is not the fault of the Government, or of the public policy of the country. There have been, within the past two years, no unusual and extravagant expenditures, no foreign wars, no enormous outlays for unproductive works of internal improvement. On the contrary, the public expenditure has been less profuse than usual; many wholesome projects have been postponed for the sake of economy; just complaints against foreign nations have remained unredressed; several branches of the public service have been less efficient than they might have been had the functionaries in charge of them been remunerated with a less niggardly hand. The financial embarrassment in which the United States happen to be placed arises from no fault of the Administration. It springs simply from a failure of income.

The United States derive the bulk of their income from two sources—the sales of public lands and customs duties on foreign imports. Unlike other civilized nations, they levy no direct taxes on their citizens, impose no pecuniary tolls on commerce, locomotion, industry, or agriculture. The receipts from customs are to those from public lands as 10 to 1, or, some years, as 15 to 1. It may, in fact, be said, in general terms, that the customs revenue is the back-bone of the financial system of the country. This revenue is dependent on the consumption of foreign products by the people of the United States. When they are poor and minded to economize they consume but a small quantity of foreign dutiable goods, and the revenue from customs falls off; when they are rich and feel like being extravagant their consumption of foreign goods increases, and the customs revenue is augmented in proportion. The first consequence of the revulsion of 1857 was to impel people of every class to retrench their expenditure; it was this retrenchment which reduced the public income and placed the nation in the attitude of a borrower.

The President and the Secretary of the Treasury naturally regard the system of loans, as a means of supplying the deficiency in the Treasury, to be inconvenient and unfair. It is not right that, in time of peace, we should throw upon future generations the burden of supporting the government of the present day. They therefore recommend an increase of duties on certain imports, in order to swell the customs revenue to an adequate figure.

It is very doubtful whether this expedient would attain the end proposed. The imposition of a duty on iron would, for instance, largely stimulate home production; and as the country is not likely to be a large purchaser of railroad iron for some time to come, it is quite possible that a material increase in the duty might operate simply as a check on importation. So with other articles. The feeling of the people, just now, is to economize. If Congress contrives to raise the price of this or that foreign fabric or commodity by means of a new tariff, it is quite possible that the public may dispense with its use. There was, till this year, no article regarded as so generally indispensable as tea; yet, as we showed the other day, since the revulsion the people of the United States have almost altogether dispensed with it, and have drunk coffee, in many instances, without sugar. It is quite doubtful, therefore, whether an increase of duties would necessarily produce an increase of revenue.

Apart from this consideration, the plan of depending on fluctuating tariffs for a public income is, theoretically and practically, open to grave criticism. It is only a few years since the gravest evils were introduced into the government by the superabundance of revenue; it was only last year that the tariff was amended expressly in order to reduce the public income. Now it is proposed to increase the duties again. If, next year, trade revives, and importations recommence on the old standard, in 1859 Congress will again be called upon to reduce the duties. Thus the tariff of the United States will be perpetually changing, commercial calculations will be eternally liable to defeat from Congressional enactments, and the public revenue will oscillate regularly between injurious plethora and impending bankruptcy. Surely this is not the financial system which ought to prevail.

There is no reason why at least an experiment should not be made to establish a system of direct taxation. There is no city or county in the United States which is not taxed directly for municipal, county, or State purposes. A federal tax would be understood at once; would be paid without flinching; and might be collected without ruinous expense. If it were found to work well the whole system of customs duties might be abolished without injury to any one, and with a manifest advantage to the commerce of the country. Who will take the lead in pressing these views on the attention of Congress?

SHALL POSTAGE BE INCREASED?

WHEN the Government fixed the rate of postage at three cents, irrespective of distance, and obliged letter-writers to pay the postage in advance, quiet people, ignorant of politics, felt satisfied that "a finality" had been reached, and that they would hear no more of the postal system. It seems, from Mr. Brown's report, that we are as far from a settlement of the question as ever, and that some new and startling change is impending. The Secretary himself recommends the adoption of a uniform five-cent rate in lieu of the present three-cent one.

It is needless to say that this proposal will meet with no favor either from the public or from Congress. The luxury of cheap postage has been too thoroughly relished to be now abandoned without a severe struggle. It is contrary to all experience to retrograde in such a matter. We may have a two-cent rate; but never a rate over three cents.

Yet it is unreasonable to expect the people at large to pay three to four millions a year, as they are now doing, for the support of the Post-office. It is not fair that the people of New York, Massachusetts, Virginia, and Ohio should be taxed to this extent for the support of unproductive mail routes in thinly-settled portions of the country.

A large item might be deducted from the Post-office expenditure were a little common sense exercised by Congress in the regulation of the franking and ocean mail systems. There is no reason why thousands of dollars should be paid out every year—as is the case at present—for the dissemination, under Congressional franks, of party political documents. If the party to be benefited by the circulation of these documents can not pay postage on them, let them stay where they are. It is monstrous to tax the people at large to pay for the transportation of the Hon. Jones's views on Kansas, or the Hon. Smith's designs on Mexico. In the second place, the sums paid for ocean postage are out of all reason. We will not weary the reader by presenting the statistics of our ocean postage; but we are not exaggerating when we say that our ocean steamers receive from the Post-office Department, on an average, one thousand dollars, for a service which they would gladly perform for ten dollars, or even five dollars, for any merchant. There is no reason why mail matter should cost more to transport than flour, hardware, silks, or laces. It should be charged, like other merchandise, according to bulk and weight; and no more should be paid for it than is paid for the freight of the most perishable and valuable kinds of merchandise. A very large proportion of the Post-office expenditure has grown out of the practice of voting, from corrupt motives, large subventions to ocean mail lines. If these two leaks were stopped the requirements of the Postmaster-General on the Treasury would be greatly reduced.

For the rest, rather than raise the rate of postage, we would like to see the Post-office Department abolished altogether, and the business of carrying letters placed on the same footing as that of carrying freight and passengers. We apprehend that no difficulties would flow from a transfer of the Post-office business to the express companies. They would carry letters more promptly than the Post-office. They would be responsible for their safe delivery, which the Post-office is not. They would do it quite as cheaply, probably more cheaply. And were the national Post-office, with its forty thousand hired servants, wiped out of existence, one of the most fruitful sources of political corruption would disappear.

THE FILIBUSTERS IN NICARAGUA.

As was expected, a party of Walker's filibusters have safely departed from Mobile, and are by this time on the soil or near the coast of Nicaragua. They will have to run the gauntlet of the British men-of-war on the coast; but it is presumed that they know enough to evade capture by her Majesty's cruisers. Commodore Paulding is employed on more useful duty than arresting filibusters. So now the Nicaraguan question assumes a new phase.

Those who know General William Walker have never placed any reliance in the assurances of his enemies that his sun had set—that his name would no longer be heard in connection with Nicaragua. Whatever the man's faults of heart or head may be, there is no doubt that his will is indomitable, his purpose fixed, and his energy very remarkable. During his late visit here he made no secret of his intention to eat his Christmas dinner in Granada; and considering every thing—the great courage of the man, the general sympathy the Southerners feel for his aims, the proverbial weakness of the United States Government, and the decided failure of the Nicaraguan efforts to reconstitute a native government, it would not be surprising if he kept his word. Five hundred Americans are quite capable of keeping Nicaragua in subjection. Already one hundred and eighty of them are either on the spot or near it; perhaps before this paper reaches the public eye the remainder will be *en route*.

Without undertaking a defense of the filibuster principle in the abstract, or of William Walker in particular, we will say that his restoration to supreme power in Nicaragua would be by no means an event prejudicial to the interests of commerce and civilization. Since he left Nicaragua there has been no such thing as order or government there. Even the municipal government of the city of New York compares favorably with the late Hispano-native governments of Nicaragua. One set of rogues has succeeded another, and has traded, like its predecessors, on the only valuable asset Nicaraguan governments can boast of—the transit route. It has been sold first to one, then to another; every body has been paid for it, no one has secured it to any of the purchasers, and it has never been opened. The people of the country are described as living in less terror of the return of Walker than their own Government inspires. Commerce, agriculture, production, and civilization are at a stand-still. Nor is there any ground for hoping that this is a mere transitory state of things. Experience teaches that anarchy, disorder, and industrial and commercial stagnation are the normal condition of the Spanish-American nation in Nicaragua. So long as that magnificent country remains in the hands of its present possessors things can not improve.

Walker has made many mistakes. There was a time when the whole civilized world would have gladly recognized his authority as ruler of Nicaragua. He threw away the opportunity. There was no necessity for him to involve himself in a war with the neighboring States; yet he did so, to his ruin. The transit route was essential to the prosperity of his empire; yet he closed it. These mistakes have cost him all the vantage ground he once possessed.

It may be presumed that trouble has taught him wisdom, and that if fortune were again to set him over the State of Nicaragua he would neither quarrel with his neighbors, nor forfeit the esteem of foreign States, nor close the natural avenues of commerce. If he adopted a new policy in these respects, it can not be denied that the world at large would be a decided gainer by his restoration.

These speculations may, of course, be overthrown by the capture of his "emigrants" by British or American cruisers. But we should imagine that the naval officers of these two countries have some higher aim in life than the business of petty policemen. If the naval service of England and the United States offer

no nobler occupation than this, "Jack Tar" had better try his hand at some new trade.

MEXICO AND CUBA.

THE President does not recommend instantaneous war on Mexico; he only advises a recourse to hostilities in the event of the permanent overthrow of the party of which Comonfort and Juarez are representatives, and the ultimate triumph of the Church faction. Should Zuloaga consolidate his empire, Mr. Buchanan holds that there exist adequate grounds for declaring war upon him. But as there appears to exist very little prospect of his subjugating the entire people of Mexico, the chance of hostilities seems distant enough.

Whatever differences of opinion may exist as to the wisdom of Mr. Buchanan's domestic policy, no sagacious observer can deny that his foreign policy is entitled to general approval. Though he has not succeeded in settling the Central American question; though France continues to exact differential duties from our ships; though Spain has made no reparation for the numerous outrages committed on United States vessels and American trade; though we have made worse terms with China than other nations; though our friendship with Russia has not been worth a dollar to us, and our regard for Germany has not availed to protect American citizens from being impressed to serve in German armies; still, there can be no question but Mr. Buchanan has done the best he could under the circumstances, and that American diplomacy stands as high as it did under Mr. Pierce's administration.

In point of fact our political relations with Europe amount to very little. They are at best questions of dollars. A few dollars more or less would settle all the pending questions between the United States and Spain and France. Great Britain is sincerely anxious to keep out of the pending imbroglio with regard to Central America. Germany only waits for a distinct expression of opinion from this country to respect the title of United States citizen. The really important foreign relations of the United States are those which concern the smaller States of this continent—Mexico and Cuba.

Let us hope that they are coming to a head. For forty years Mexico has been a scene of almost uniform and unvaried anarchy. Government has succeeded government without benefit to the people, without security to life or property, without safety for foreign commerce. The rule of the Church, of which Zuloaga is the pliant tool, is probably the worst that has been tried; for under it foreigners have been despoiled and imprisoned as ruthlessly as Mexicans, and petitions for redress have been treated with absolute contempt. If the President's recommendations are followed by suitable Congressional action—if Sonoro and Chihuahua are garrisoned by United States troops, and moral and material aid are granted to the Constitutional party in Mexico—it is possible that the final collapse of that republic may be delayed, or perhaps avoided altogether. If Congress refuses to abide by the policy of the Administration, the probability is that the country will be driven perforce into a war of conquest.

Again, as to Cuba. In the event of a war between the United States and a leading European Power, it would be essential to the United States to seize Cuba. This country does not propose to rob the Spaniards of the island; it offers to buy it. Spain will not sell: what is to be done? The President requests Congress to appropriate money enough to enable him to close a bargain in the event of Mr. Preston, the new minister, being able to conclude one. We shall see whether this request will be complied with. If it is not, look out for another Lopez.

THE LOUNGER.

"LYNN, *November*, 1858.

"MY DEAR LOUNGER,—I venture to address you, as a friend of the public and of poor suffering humanity, to ask of you a little advice.

"I am a young man in the mercantile profession, nearly twenty-one years of age, and of good family. I have been in my present business almost four years, but I can not say that I take much interest in it. My work, I know, is done with diligence and dispatch. But my progress in life does not keep pace with my desires or abilities. I earn scarcely enough to keep me in the indispensables of life.

"The grand wish of my life, the hope in which I have indulged for these many years, has been to earn my livelihood by my pen. But the reputation of 'writing for the papers' will not satisfy me.

"I know what you will say with regard to the trials and struggles of young authors. The tale of misery and woe, of abuse and neglect, has been too often told. I know that, in nearly every instance, a firm determination and resolve to conquer have been the secret of their success.

"What a joy must be that of the young author who, after years of patient labor, is at last enabled to bring the public mind to a just appreciation of his merits and works!

"I have read 'Lives of Great Men.' They 'all remind us' that energy and determination can be relied upon like true and steadfast friends. It cost them all their time and labor to make themselves noticed. I have plenty of ambition, but, I fear, not an equal amount of energy. But give me a path in which to travel, or, in homelier phrase, put me in the right track, I promise to march forward boldly and resolutely. And that, my dear Lounger, is what I humbly ask of you. Your advice, I know, is worth having. You may imagine the condition I am in. You have heard of similar cases, no doubt. And last, but not least, do not read my letter with contempt nor indifference.

"It is truly sincere. Placed in your situation you, no doubt, are often bored by long letters on all subjects and from all classes of people. I hope this will not bore you. Whether it does or not, it certainly will be the last annoyance I shall ever give you. Whatever may be the result of sending this sheet, my earnest endeavors to be *something* shall not be wanting, and, remembering the words of our Longfellow, shall still 'learn to labor and to wait.'

With great respect,

"Yours, D. G."

—The Lounger prints the whole of "D. G.'s" letter, as a specimen of so many anxious, restless, eager questions which every literary man receives, and which he ought to be willing fairly and patiently to answer. The Lounger has answered such before, but he gladly does it again, urging J. W., as well as D. G., to reflect seriously upon what he says.

"*My progress in life does not keep pace with my desires or abilities.*" That it does not keep pace with your desires is very likely; but how do you know that it does not with your abilities? If you are *able* to go faster why do you not? What you mean, if you think of it closely, is it any thing more than that you *think* your abilities might achieve finer results? The probability is that you are wrong.

"*The grand wish of my life * * * has been to earn my livelihood by my pen.*" Is that because you have the instinct of genius, or is it merely a wish springing from vanity? If you want to prove it, write something; send it to a publisher if it be a book, to an editor if it be an article. Now of a thousand *MSS.* which publishers receive, they find about two hundred, say, worth considering at all. Of these they may publish fifty. Of these fifty books, ten may possibly yield the author a little sum, after long delay; and of the ten, one may make him a reputation. "D. G." has but to count the number of authors of any eminence at all in this country; calculate how many of them live by pure literature; and then think of the scores of MSS. that are read and refused every week. School-books, when they are fortunate and standard works, pay; and a lucky young author, who makes a hit, may also make some money by his hit—what are "D. G.'s" chances of being that one?

Suppose he writes a magazine article, and it is accepted, being the one out of fifty that is not thrown away. There are but three or four magazines in the country that pay contributors liberally. He might get fifty dollars for his article. He could hardly expect more than one to be accepted monthly, and he would get six hundred dollars a year. But to have his papers regularly accepted they must be uncommonly good, or else must seem to the editor full of promise of popularity. Is D. G. ready to supply that kind of article?

He may prefer the newspapers. Let him, then, before he relinquishes his present employment, come to New York and try his hand at getting engaged upon a newspaper. There are, at least, a hundred men waiting eagerly upon the spot for every vacancy that arises. Is he better qualified than they? Then he can not hope to be editor of a journal at once, even if he succeed in writing an occasional editorial. But to paragraph and report and write at large upon a newspaper would no more seem to him to suit his "abilities" than "the mercantile profession."

"*A firm determination and resolve to conquer*" (a literary aspirant must learn the meaning of the word tautology) "*have been the secret of their success.*" No, that is not quite so. That does not explain Irving's success, nor Cooper's, nor Hawthorne's, nor Emerson's, nor Prescott's, nor Bancroft's. The first point in all these cases was the essential excellence of the work. And probably if they had done excellent literary works and the public had been unmoved, they would have turned to other excellent works and have done them. A dull man can "resolve" quite as stubbornly as a clever man. Success, indeed, is incalculable; but if it come, it is the reward of the cleverness, not of the dull resolve. Of course merit is not always successful; nor is success always evidence of merit. But it *is* always evidence of adaptation to a purpose. The *Ledger* is successful, because its conductor knows precisely what his great diocese want to read. But he might not chance to think D. G.'s or Walter Scott's stories pat to his purpose.

"*Put me in the right track;*" yes, but that is the very weakness of the whole thing. Give me a *pou sto*, cried Archimedes. But Shakespeare did not. He put himself in position. D. G. proposes to fight a battle, not to serve as a soldier. Now a General must decide for himself. He has nobody but himself, and wants nobody else, to fall back upon.

The Lounger is lengthening rapidly. But if D. G. really feels willing to risk all, if he be seriously willing to be pinched with hunger and sadly and doubtfully to snap at any kind of work that offers, let him come to New York and write wrappers, if he can do no better. The Lounger knows men in New York, at this moment, of the same literary aspirations, who would write wrappers—if only they could find them to write. From that, let D. G. calculate his chance of rising into "a hit." Don't read about Keats, and Dr. Johnson, and Goldsmith, and the noble host who have starved before succeeding, and suppose that if you only starve hard enough, you will at last succeed. If you have a good employment do not mistake your ennui, which is incident to every calling, as a prompting to desert it, or as a proof that you can do something else better. At least, begin your literature while you are sure of a dinner. See how it flourishes and promises. Let the world taste your peaches and find out if it wants them, before you plow up your whole estate into a peach orchard.

And do not misunderstand. "If God have called any of you to explore truth and beauty, be bold, be firm, be true." But, first of all, be sure that it is he who calls, and not your own vanity, indolence, ignorance, and conceit of ability. The dignity of human pursuits lies in the character of the workman. Old George Herbert sings, with quaint solemnity:

"Who sweeps a room, as by His laws,
Makes that and the action fine."

A merchant, or a merchant's clerk, may "live by his pen" quite as honorably as the poet or the historian.

Will D. G. and J. W., and many others, take what the Lounger says as kindly as he means it? If your object be "to make a hit," instead of to help somebody or something, you are merely inordinately vain. It is just as true in Literature as in morals, that whoever would find his life must lose it. If you adopt Literature for your own glorification, you may be very sure that God has *not* called *you* "to explore Truth and Beauty."

A WORD TO THE LADIES ONLY.

MRS. NANCY DOBLEY presents her compliments to the Lounger, and begs through him to say a word to the ladies *exclusively*. Gentlemen are expected and invited to omit this paragraph, and skip to the next.

The word, dear fellow-ladies, has reference to the mud—to walking in the mud and slush—to crossing the streets in the mud and slush—and to keeping our garments unsoiled from the mud and slush.

Are we aware, ladies, that we have a habit, in these days, of lifting our skirts very high indeed when we cross the street?—that it is already remarked by gentlemen—and that to watch a well-dressed and careful woman wade across Broadway is a favorite occupation of men whose admiration is not flattering?

Mrs. Dobley has seen with pain some of her fellow-ladies apparently forgetting the great fact of hoops; forgetting that the hoop makes a great lift of a little lift. And if the skirt can not be lifted altogether from the mud and slush, why, in the name of Victoria R., shall we not all wear the Balmoral, and let that take its chances?

"OUR SPECIAL EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENCE."

IN the *Weekly* for December 4 was published the first of a series of letters from Europe, to which the Lounger especially commends the readers of this paper. They are written by a person who "moves habitually in the highest society," whose European connections of many kinds are such as to secure a familiar acquaintance with people and aspects of life generally unknown altogether, or very unsatisfactorily reported; and the reader who trusts himself to this sagacious and agreeable companion will be sure of great amusement and instruction. Matters of public importance are so fully discussed in the newspapers, and foreign politics are such mere speculations to us, that special correspondents can illuminate them very little. But our new friend is to open to us private doors, and catch for us the fleeting hues of society, and to tell all those delightful details which reveal the form and pressure of contemporary life in the gayest country of the world.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

ONE of the handsomest books that has ever come from the handsome-book-making hands of Ticknor & Fields is the "Life of Sir Philip Sidney," just published. It is most tastefully bound and most daintily tinted and most clearly printed. It is of pleasant size and convenient form. The head of the hero from the Lodge Portraits embellishes the front of the book, and a good picture of Penshurst, the seat of the Sidneys, of which Ben Jonson and Waller sing—and a fac-simile of Sir Philip's writing, satisfactorily help to complete the work.

This Life of Sidney is partly anonymous, only the initials of the author's name are given at the end of a singularly modest preface, and the dedication "To my son," does not betray the sex of the author. But for all that we see a woman's face in the cloud: and it shall not be counted among the least glories of this youth whom History and Literature have conspired to praise, that three hundred and four years after his birth, a woman in the interior of a distant country collects the facts of his life and weaves them into this simple and beautiful story.

Perhaps no man of so general a fame ever achieved less. The material for his biography is very slight. His friend and idolator Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke, wrote his Life, and the Sidney Papers contain several of his letters. The author of the present Life mentions some of the other sources of intelligence about him. Oldys, indeed, declares that he knew two hundred authors who had praised Sidney—and except Hazlitt and Horace Walpole, "none named him but to praise." But wherever the student comes upon Sidney, it is coming upon a track of light. A rare, symmetrical character, he wore some of the superficial conceits of his age, as a man dresses in the fashion of his time and land—but the substance of his character was Christian heroism. Sidney was a gentleman in old Dekkar's sense.

He was born in 1554. He went to Oxford; was in Paris during the slaughter of St. Bartholomew; traveled upon the Continent in Germany and Italy, partly with Hubert Lanquet; returned to England when he was twenty; was sent as embassador to Austria when he was twenty-one; became the friend of the great William of Orange; returned to England, and wrote the letter which dissuaded Elizabeth from marrying the French "Mounseer:" quarreled with Lord Oxford at Court, and when the Queen rather favored Oxford, withdrew to his sister's seat at Wilton ("Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother"), and wrote the "Arcadia;" chafed in idleness, and planned a trip to America; was the friend of Spenser and other literary men, Hakluyt having dedicated his first volume to him; and finally, after writing "The Defense of Poesy" and the "Sonnets," he was appointed by Elizabeth Governor of Flushing, went thither in November, 1585, and on the morning of the 22d September, 1586, was shot in a skirmish, lingered for twenty-six days, and died on the 19th of October.

That is the substance of his story. He was not the greatest among the great men with whom he lived, but there was none of them better or nobler than he. In all history there is no more graceful or heroic figure, no man for whom we have to make less allowance. The very brilliancy of his position sometimes half inclines an occasional reader to believe that his heroism was rather silken and perfumed than stern and simple. But no one who has studied his career faithfully but will find in him the same stuff of which his father, Sir Henry, and his nephew, Algernon, were made, and confess that history and the human heart are justified in loving him, both for what he was and for what he might have done.

The author of this "Life of Sidney" has brought together the facts with enthusiasm, and has done us all a service in putting his whole career within easy grasp. The Life by Dr. Zouch is in all stately libraries, but it is a cumbrous and unsatisfactory performance. The sketch prefixed to Lanquet's correspondence with Sidney is, upon the whole, the best of previous biographies, excepting, of course, the original of Fulke Greville.

The young men of America could propose to themselves no higher standard of true gentlemanly honor than the character of Sir Philip Sidney.

MORE CAISSA.

THE mysteries of this goddess are many; and among the most profound the Lounger places the following letter:

"NEW YORK, *December*, 1858.

"DEAR LOUNGER,—It grieves me to observe that, notwithstanding the high authority whence your information was derived, you have been led into error as to the derivation of the title of the goddess *Caissa*, before whose altar the army of chess-players bow and worship.

"My high respect for the authority which you quote (*vide* Lounger, December 4) would render me dumb, but that, being indebted to neither informant nor historian, I speak of facts within my own personal knowledge.

"The true origin of the term Caiss-a was in this wise:

"Many centuries ago, and long before the noble game was ever thought of, the supremacy of the chess-board was disputed by two well-known amateurs—William the Conqueror and Childe Harold. After long delay occurring, through the heavy literary engagements of the former player, they at length met in deadly conflict on the checkered field. The play on either side was of the highest order; and on the hundred and fifty-sixth move a position the most critical had ensued. At this period of the game William the Conqueror (playing the Black men) thus addressed his antagonist:

"'Ha, hah! by my faith I have thee now! Know then, my Bloomer, that thou art a Case!'

"'Sayst thou so, bold Boa-constrictor? Though *Conqueror* thou art called, I'd have thee know thou canst not come it o'er this *Childe* just so! I further tell thee that, this very day, Sir, if I'm a *Case*, 'tis thou that art a *Caissa!*'

"After a few more moves the game was won by White in handsome style.

"The terminating moves in the above *partie* resulted in a very pretty position, which, being fortunately present, I noted down. It forms a problem of much intricacy; its stipulations being: 'White to play, and checkmate in *a pig's eye*.' The game was contested at the new *down town* chess club, which was opened, free of charge, under the superintendence of Mr. C. H. Stanley, on Monday, at No. 149 Fulton Street.

"I am, dear Lounger,

"Yours faithfully,

"CHECKMATE."

THE MUSES IN BROOKLYN.

OUR stately neighbor, Brooklyn, since it has discovered that it is the third city in the country, resolves to depend no longer upon its elder sister for an occasional visit of the Muses. It proposes to domesticate them. It has, therefore, begun to agitate for an opera house: and that Painting may not linger behind Music, the artists resident in Brooklyn have organized the Graham Art School of the Brooklyn Institute, for Life-study and general improvement. The trustees of the Institute favor the project by warming and lighting a proper room for the purpose, and the meetings to be held on Monday and Friday commenced on Monday of this week. There are already twenty-five members, and Messrs. Charles Parsons, H. W. Herrick, B. F. Childs, and H. S. Beckwith were elected officers for the year.

May the Brooklyn Muses prosper!

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—"Wall Street" wants the Lounger to publish Hood's "famed Bridge of Sighs" in "the next week's edition." Wall Street must have patience. Milton's Paradise Lost, Shakespeare's works, and the ninety-three volumes of other British poets, have precedence on the file for insertion.

A *CHARADE* FOR *FAST* YOUNG LADIES, BY A *SLOW* YOUNG MAN.

I saw her at the opera,
  Where next but one we sat,
And when she raised her opera-glass,
  My *First* lay in her lap.
Ah, how divine she looked that night!
  My eyes I ne'er removed,
Save once, when with a haughty glance
  My *Second* she reproved.
Between the acts her father rose;
  But ere he reached the door
He dropped my *Third*, of value great,
  And left it on the floor.
My *Fourth* and last is, like my *First*,
  For maidens fair alone;
For want of it at home, abroad,
  They never can atone.
Against the wearing of my whole
  Papas *will* make objection,
Causing thereby, to daughters fair,
  Deep fits of low dejection.
But I with them must still confess,
  Upon mature reflection,
That as a general thing it is
  "*A very great protection.*"
And now, young ladies, *fast* and fair,
  These lines for your inspection
Can not, I think, expect escape
  From full, complete detection.

H. D.

GLIMPSES AT LIFE IN WASHINGTON,

OBTAINED THROUGH AN EYE-GLASS.

BY PAUL POLKAFOOT.

MY hotel is Willard's. I go there somewhat as a matter of course, being a Northerner. I arrive a day or so before the "assembled wisdom" of the nation gets together in that wonderfully-bedizened new gilt saloon yclept the Capitol, *fecit* Captain Meiggs. Because Willard's is, *par excellence*, the Northern hotel of Washington. To be sure the National is "kept" by a pair of enterprising Yankees, while I strongly suspect mine host Willard to be absolutely a Virginian. Never mind that. As my young friend and pitcher, Fitz Alamode of New York, says, Willard's is the most *nobby* of all the Washington *caravansaries*, and generally contains the biggest lot of foine gee-urls. Besides, too, it is almost under the shadow of the White House, and it is even possible, of a clear morning, to get a sniff of the ravishing odors which arise in the aristocratic kitchens around Jackson Square.

I met my old friend and patron, General F——, in the Rotunda, looking as rotund as ever, and even more rosy about the gills. The General is a Southerner—an Honorable—owns a plantation, with lots of "niggers" thereunto appertaining; has a wife and babies (all at home, Mrs. General included); always has a good appetite for dinner, and, after a long and interesting series of experiments, has come to the conclusion that old Bourbon whisky, if unadulterated with water, is rather beneficial to health than otherwise. General F—— may, therefore, be considered as at the height of human felicity. His person confirms the truth of this observation.

"I've got some of the genuine old corn-juice in my room, Polkafoot," he said, looking at me kindly through his gold-bowed spectacles. "Come up to-night—room No. 1001—and if your palate hasn't been spoiled by drinking your thin Yankee potations during the recess, the first swallow will make you happy for a week. You want something of that sort, Polkafoot, to give a generous flow to your blood, and fat you up; 'gad, you're thin as a razor. You'll never make any thing, my boy, until you can get up a little more rotundity. Look at me now!"

The General glanced affectionately downward at the visible parts of his own ample person, and somewhat intrusively, I thought, advanced one of his stout, muscular legs, though at the same time he good-naturedly patted me on the shoulder. I can't say that I was pleased with the comparison thus instituted. I pride myself on having a somewhat elegant figure, you see. It is a *sine qua non* with the young ladies whom I affect that the young gentleman of their ideal should be "both slender and tall;" and as my person satisfies this proclivity on their part, I have hitherto "traveled" somewhat extensively "on my shape." The idea of becoming fat and pursy, like the model now set up before me, therefore, was not agreeable. Delicately I hinted as much. The General growled a reply, with rather more than his usual energy of speech.

OFFICE OF A FASHIONABLE HOTEL AT THE MEETING OF CONGRESS.

"Bah! Polkafoot, I was nearly as stout as I am now when I married Mrs. General. 'Gad! I think that was one of the very things she took into account. A sensible woman wants a *man*, Polkafoot—not a crane. Look at that leg! It would mount, respectably, half a dozen young sprigs like your young friend Fitz Alamode there. Certain chalk-faced, silly, romantic young school-girls may prefer such attenuated specimens of humanity; but a real woman, Sir, likes a man to have legs. (The General slapped one of his own, herewith, in a caressing way.) I've equipped all my boys in that style, Polkafoot; and, 'gad, I'll bet they're the first things a flesh and blood woman sets eyes on. Now you New Yorkers cultivate the—the—"

As the General evidently hesitated for lack of a word, and I suspected what he wanted to say, I ventured to remark that the *intellectual style of leg* was doubtless what he meant.

"That be hanged!" the General snorted. "I mean that you cultivate the Shanghai pattern, instead of the flesh and muscle necessary to the order and happiness of society." I stared in doubt what was meant by this allusion; and the General accordingly proceeded to explain. "I hold," he continued, dogmatically, "that the lack of proper physical development among your city gentlemen is the source of all sorts of evils in your social world. What is the reason we hear, every once in a while, of some educated and accomplished young lady running off with her father's coachman or an Irish hod-carrier, and thus overturning all the natural and reasonable barriers which society has erected against the intrusion of the *hoi polloi*, eh? I'll tell you. It's because your legs are not stout enough to sustain the social edifice. Why did Mary Ann Boker go and marry John Dean? Because, Sir, the women like a man to have a man's *physique*—that's why; and they are not to blame for it, either. As for some of the other sores of society, still more lamentable in a moral point of view, they must be attributed to the same cause. What supports the—"

The finality of the discussion was that we went to dinner together; and, in answer to an inquiry, I suggested claret to begin on. "Too thin, Polkafoot—too thin altogether; but you shall have it if you like," said the General, dogmatically, at the same time writing on a wine-card, as I observed, an order for one bottle of red Bordeaux and another of Burgundy. Then he handed the same to the expectant waiter, whom he called "boy," and who at once darted off without further instructions. I had just time to observe that the "boy" in question was at least forty, and black as the Ace of Spades. *En passant*, I would remark that Mr. Willard's waiters, in deference to the feelings of his anti-Slavery boarders, are all "boys" of another color; namely, of the sort that, I believe, are invariably born with a shillalah in one hand and a Democratic ticket in the other. They never can rival Sambo as a table-waiter

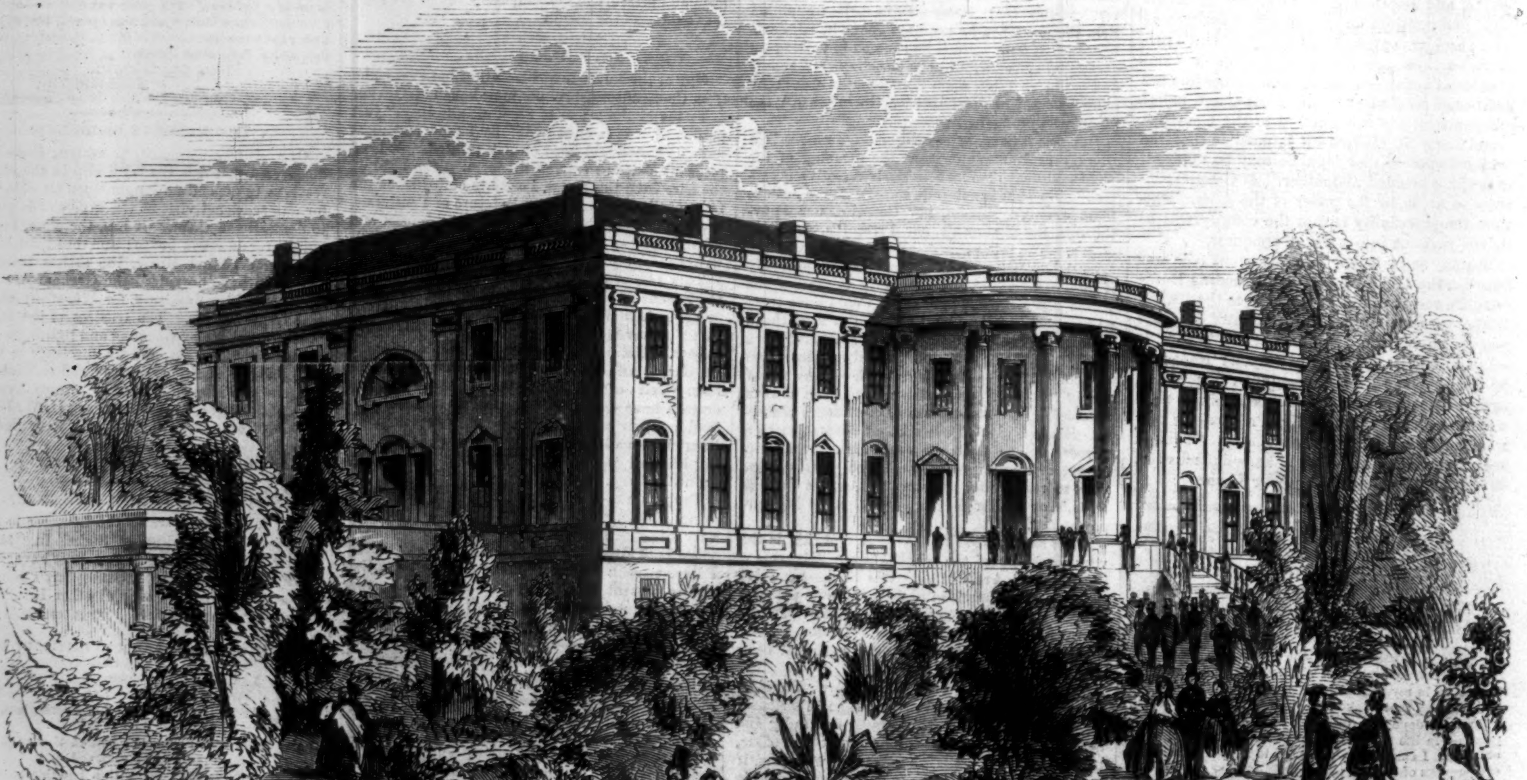
We sat long after the ladies had risen, and then we started for the upper stories, to indulge in a weed apiece. On the way, in the ladies' promenade, I caught sight of an old acquaintance, one of the belles of the hotel.

"Do you know that lady yonder, General? Now, Sir, I can confute your theories by a living example of one who cares more about brains than legs," said I, triumphantly. The General peered through his spectacles in the direction indicated, and answered gruffly, but at the same time with a dull sort of enthusiasm,

"That's Miss B——, the belle of Kentucky. Fine woman, Polkafoot! Observe what an expanse of bare neck and bosom she displays, eh? 'Gad, it makes an old fellow young again to look at such living statuary! No need even to say, 'By your leave, Miss!'"

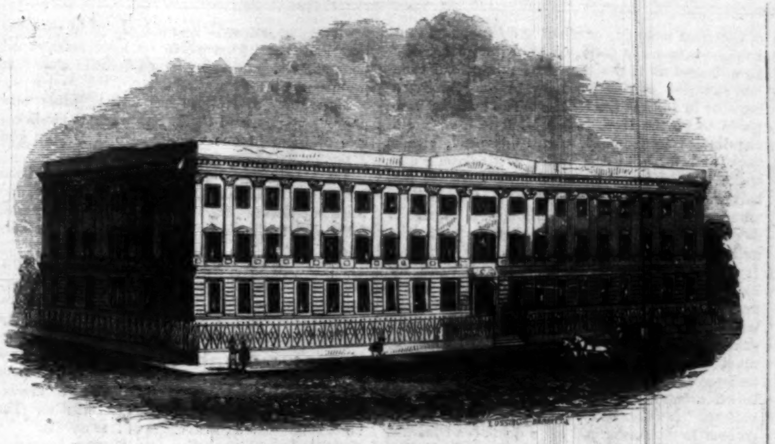
"Very true, General; but her companion is the one I mean, Miss L——, of Baltimore. Her dress is a deal more modest, and though she's a belle in her third season, I tell you she's a girl of sense. Now, General, brains—"

The remark was not finished, because at that moment I caught Miss L——'s eye, and immediately got a friendly bow and hand-shake from her. Then she introduced me to Miss B——, who re-



THE WHITE HOUSE AND PUBLIC GROUNDS.

sponded with one of those formidable, sweeping bows, or courtesies, which form so conspicuous a feature of the Lancers' Quadrille, and which it seems to be the acme of fashion to make as long and comprehensive as possible. I might have repeated the Lord's Prayer at least twice while Miss B——'s head and body described the required arc, but of course I didn't. On the contrary, I immediately bent my body so as to form an acute angle with my legs, and in this shape remained standing, much to my discomfort, and I fear, to the disarrangement of my digestion, until, after the lapse of several minutes, during which the General stood gravely by, Miss B—— asked, with an engaging air, whether I had yet made any calls in Washington. I told her I had only just arrived, and that, with her permission, my first call would be upon the belle of Tennessee. She said if I meant her she should be delighted. I said I had lately been in company with a gentleman, an admirer of hers I believed, from whom I reckoned I had taken a complaint. Ah, what was that? Admiration of the belle aforesaid, I answered, gallantly. Oh, you are a flatterer, she cried, with a desperate attempt to blush. But who was the gentleman? she ought of course to know that. I said I didn't know as she ought to learn from me; the gentleman should sing his own serenades under the windows of his beauty. She thought the remark poetical, but not obliging. I told her I desired particularly to be considered obliging by the ladies, and thereupon added that the gentleman in question was the Baron Grubb, minister from Deutchland. "Oh, the dear Baron, how she should scold him for talking about her!" Miss B—— cried, with an affectation of great severity. Then she asked if I didn't think Grubb was a very pretty name. I told her I did, very; but I thought Baron was prettier, and Lord better than either. She said she saw that I was a wicked wit, and she expected the ladies would have to be dreadfully cut up this season, because they liked clever people with titles. I said a title was like the lamp Diogenes carried about Athens at mid-day to find an honest man with: it was almost impossible to discover a clever person in Washington except one had a title to guide the search. Miss B—— cried, "Oh!" in a very suspicious manner. She began to think my wit decidedly plebeian, and accordingly raised her eye-glass in order to put a little more distance between us. The General interposed by saying that I was the great-grandson of an Earl, and the eye-glass was suddenly dropped again. (The General knew my family history—my great-grandfather's name was Earle.) Miss L—— gave a turn to the conversation by saying there was to be a "hop" in the hotel that night week, and that as I was so useful to the ladies last season, she hoped I might be relied on to aid them in the same manner the ensuing one. I replied that she might reckon on my most devoted attention to her wishes; that it was my dearest aspiration to make myself acceptable to her in any and all possible ways. This was so near the truth that I suspect my manner was more than usually earnest, for Miss L—— blushed slightly, though without withdrawing her eyes, or betraying any girlish embarrassment. She knew very well I was in love with her. She knew, too, that I wasn't "eligible." So, with the kindest intentions in the world, she endeavored to be my very good friend, at the same time that



THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE.

she constantly but delicately and considerately kept throwing cold water on my passion. But it wouldn't do. Her behavior was so sensible, so unlike that of young ladies in general, in denying herself the glory of a conquest merely to save the feelings of an admirer, that my passion only flamed up the higher hopelessly. Well, I am not writing a chapter of confessibns. Besides, if you think I am a lover of the hypochondriacal description like Werter, or of the sentimental sort like Lamartine, it is not my image you have got on your retina, but another man's. Not that man, but another man's.

Nevertheless I recollect quite distinctly how, at one of Senator Douglas's grand "crushes" last season, I was commissioned to get a glass of water from the supper-room; how I struggled through the frantic and hungry crowd, holding it aloft as the youth in Longfellow's poem did his banner; how, amidst a hot fire of Champagne corks, and the general ruin of the gossamer outworks, consisting of tulle, tarlatan, etc., erected for the protection of the ladies, I bore (through snow and ice) my welcome trophy to the thirsty lips of Miss L——. My reward was something that's laid away in the snuff-box of memory, like a Touka bean in my uncle's box of Maccoboy. Then, at Senator Seward's, wasn't it I who drew on her overshoes with trembling hands and palpitating heart? Oh! Paul Polkafoot, why the deuce are you not "eligible?" What is the use in being a fellow unless you are a —— of a fellow?

I spent the evening with the General, spite of Alamode's entreaties that I would go and make a round of calls. We ought at once, he said, to call on the members of the Cabinet, in order that we might get invitations to their "receptions." I told him New Year's would be time enough for that, because then we would go the whole round, take a drink, leave our cards, and thus be *en régle* with a comparatively small outlay of trouble. Then he wanted particularly to go to Senator Slidell's. I knew that was solely to enable him to air his French with madame and her charming daughter; but as I don't speak French, I was immovable. The result was that he went his way and I mine. I don't pretend to say that mine was the best.

It was eleven when the General and I got through breakfast—time for the General to go to the House, and assume his place among the representatives of the nation. "How do you do, Baron?" said I, meeting that distinguished *plenipo* upon the stairs. The Baron imparted to me, in a confidential manner, the fact that he was very well, adding, however, still more confidentially, "*Ich bin schläfrig* quite a little, because I have yesterday received dispatches from my Government, which I have sit up all night, nearly, to examine; therefore, I have not much sleep." I replied, carelessly, that I understood the heir-apparent of his Serene and Exalted Highness was about to make proposals for Miss Lane, the President's niece; I presumed, therefore, that his dispatches related to that subject. The Baron very eagerly and earnestly assured me that such was not the fact, for which assurance I expressed a due sense of obligation.

Then I passed on, in order to report myself as being in readiness to begin showing my aunt Tabitha and my pretty cousin Virginia, from Swampoodle, in York State, the lions of the capital. I haven't hitherto referred to these parties, have I? Well, concerning aunt Tabitha little is to be said, except that she is a good, honest, domestic, old lady, who has hardly ever been out of sight of her native village before, and never wants to be again, if her own protestations are to be believed. It was solely for Virginia's benefit that she consented to leave her knitting-work and come on here to mingle in—no, not to mingle in, but to be among, for a season, the gayeties of Washington. And Virginia? Well, she is a very pretty girl, under eighteen, and my aunt Tabitha's daughter. A somewhat unsophisticated beauty, to be sure, but quick-witted, naturally graceful, and, as I have before said, very pretty—besides having about her various "taking ways," which renders her company quite as agreeable to her male cousin as any girl he knows. I found them both dressed to go out; aunt Tabitha said she didn't see me at breakfast. No, I had just left the table. Aunt Tabitha lifted up her hands in astonishment. The dear old soul said she had had breakfast four hours ago, and thought she was unconscionably late then; but she couldn't get it before, because, she supposed, Mr. Willard's folks had overslept themselves. Virginia told her mother how it was, when the old lady heartily denounced the fashion of late breakfasting as being nothing but sheer laziness and sinful waste of time; the representatives of the nation, she said, ought to set the country an example in behalf of early rising and industry. I considered the idea so excessively funny that I laughed at it, till my aunt, who thought I was laughing at her very excellent maxim, began to take offense. So I had to explain. "My dear aunt," I exclaimed, "I beg you will throw away all ideas of setting up the people's representatives as an example in the practice of any of the virtues, at least. If you want to teach the most successful method of wasting time, or the easiest way to steal, you'll find them capital good instructors; but industry and honesty have long been out of fashion here. Did you ever hear about the Forty Thieves, aunt?" She said she had read about them in the "Arabian Nights." I said I didn't mean them, but the Forty Thieves who were members of the last Congress. She exclaimed, with a good deal of astonishment, that she didn't know that the people elected thieves to Congress—it was a crying shame if they did. I replied that the propensity for stealing was, probably, inchoate when they were elected, but that it very quickly became developed after they got here. Ashamed of being compelled to say such trite things, I added that it was time for us to go down to the Capitol, if we were going; and though my aunt said that she didn't care to see "such doings" as I hinted at, she, nevertheless, gave us the pleasure of her company—a circumstance that compelled us to walk.

Virginia wanted to know when I was going to take her to call on the President? I asked her, by way of a Yankee reply, whether she had any idea what would be the nature of the interview? She said she hadn't. I said that she would be introduced to Mr. Buchanan, and that he would ask her, with an air of deep interest, the following question: "Have you visited the Smithsonian Institute, Miss?" If she said No, he would advise her, gravely, to go and see it; and would then relapse into a solemn and moody silence. How did I know? Oh, that's just what he says to every lady who calls on him, and that's all. Virginia thought it was very funny that Mr. Buchanan couldn't be more gallant than that; and said it was no wonder he had always remained a bachelor. I told her we would go to the Smithsonian first, and thus deprive him of half his regular speech; perhaps that would force him to say something else, but I doubted it. Virginia thought we had better not do so then; it might embarrass Mr. Buchanan, and then she should probably be embarrassed herself, which would be apt to make the interview very distressing to both. I said, recklessly, that I didn't care; for which bitter speech my pretty cousin reproved me severely.

I told my aunt it was a mile and a half at least down to the Capitol, and asked her if we hadn't better take an omnibus? She said a mile and a

LADIES' GALLERY IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

half was no sort of a walk; besides, she wanted to see the shops along Pennsylvania Avenue. I believe she did see them all, as well as all they contained; but at last her attention was riveted by a near view of the Capitol. She thought that was a very big and grand house, and she supposed the members of it must be big and grand too. I said it would do; but that it occupied a very disrespectful position—with its rear turned toward the city and the President's, and its front southward, like a horse harnessed at the tail-end of a cart. We went round, in order to enter in front. My aunt wanted to know what that naked man alongside of the steps was going to do with that great ball he had in his hands; and what the Indian girl by his side was at? I told her it was a statue of Columbus, and I had heard say that he was in the act of challenging the statue of Washington, at the other end of the square, to play a game of ball with him; but I thought it was intended to represent Columbus holding a ball of yarn, and about to teach the Indian girl how to knit. My aunt said that was very good of him; but added, a little timidly, that he and the girl both would look better if they had more clothes on.

While my aunt was looking at and admiring the pictures in the Rotunda, Miss B—— came sailing by, accompanied by the Baron. She honored aunt Tabitha and Virginia with a haughty stare through her eye-glass, but affected not to see me at all. My pretty modest little cousin was quite cut up by that splendid person's supercilious air—I think somebody must have blown on the General's story about my being the great-grandson of an earl; and her inspection of my companions no doubt satisfied her that I was altogether too much of a plebeian to be recognized thus publicly by the grand-daughter of a Tennessee judge. However, I caught the eye of an old acquaintance just then, who drew me a little one side, in a confidential way, and, after a few commonplaces, told me that he was a candidate for the vacant mission to Siam, and wanted me to help him by getting General F—— to write him a letter of recommendation. I asked if he had ever met the General? He said he had not; but he thought that would make no difference, as I could write the letter and get the General to copy and sign it. I told him I would speak to him about it. Just then one of the members from New York, Hon. J—n C——e, emerged from a door on the other side, and passed rapidly across the Rotunda, casting furtive glances about him. He evidently caught a sight of the applicant for the Siam mission, and, fearful of being button-holed by him, pulled his hat down over his eyes and made splendid time for the door leading to the Hall of the Representatives. But the candidate saw him, headed him off, and pounced triumphantly down on him. The honorable gentleman made a desperate effort to pass with just a nod, but the candidate seized him by the shoulder and held him fast while he poured out the history of his claims to office, and solicited the impatient Representative's influence in getting him the mission.

"These office-seekers are worse than the plagues of Egypt!" said Mr. C——e to me, the next day, with an energetic imprecation that sounded vastly like an oath. "I'd as lief be bored to death by Guinea-worms as to be beset as I am by them. Now that fellow who wants to go to Siam, I don't know him at all, or just barely to speak, and yet he came to me yesterday, and what do you think he wanted me to do? Why, in the first place, he asked me to write a letter for him, take it around, and get it signed by all my friends in the House and Senate, and then to go with him and urge his case personally on the President and Cabinet! I told him I had something else to occupy my time. I wish he and his whole tribe might be sent to Siam or—the devil!"

The Rotunda is the rendezvous of these borers and of the lobby; and the members tell me it is almost impossible for them to pass through there without being waylaid by some of them. This fact explains why I see members and senators come sneaking into the Capitol by unexpected side passages, darting furtive glances around them as they emerge from the cover of a pillar, seeking cover again as quickly as possible, and at last bolting into their respective chambers as if they were afraid a constable was at their heels. In my aforetime simplicity I imagined that these gentlemen avoided observation because they were oppressed with a lingering sense of shame for some of their actions; but I perceive now that I gave them too much credit. Then, when I saw a member sneaking about in this way, I always, in consideration of his feelings, pretended not to see him; but now I understand it I have no sympathy with them. I think they ought to get every body an office who asks them for one. I think it is the duty of a Representative to provide an office for every one of his constituents—at least for all those who voted for him, or spent their money to elect him.

Aunt Tabitha was delighted with the magnificence of the halls, tiled floors, and stairways of grained marble, to be seen in the new part of the Capitol. I ventured to introduce her into one of the committee rooms. The richness of the furniture, and the fresco adornments of the walls struck her as being something very gorgeous. Virginia hesitated about going in, because there sat the clerk, in a stuffed easy chair, with his feet on a table, lazily smoking a cheroot, and it seemed like going into a gentleman's private apartment. Aunt Tabitha wanted to know, as soon as we went out, if that gentleman wasn't the *chairman* of the committee. I answered that I guessed he was. It is impossible for me to describe the effect produced upon the dear old lady by the blazing splendor of the new Representative hall. The gilt, the glitter, the painting, carving, the wonderful ceiling, and all that, quite overcame her. She looked down upon the members, lounging in their red morocco-covered chairs, with a species of awe. "Do you think you'll ever be a member of Congress, Paul?" she asked, in a reverential whisper. I answered that all young Americans expected to be members of Congress some day or other, and I supposed that I might reasonably entertain the same idea. My aunt looked as if she thought I might, and then her attention was drawn away by the rising of a member to address the House. The member happened to be the Hon. L—— M. K——, of South Carolina, who frowned, tossed his head, strode back and forth in the aisle, gesticulated, and spoke in such an impressive style that the old lady was quite rapt. "That's real eloquence," she whispered to me, as the honorable gentleman sat down, stroking his beard and glancing up at the galleries to observe the effect he had produced. It seems he caught somebody's eye up there, for he smiled sweetly, bounded from his seat, disappeared for an instant, appeared again in the gallery, and dropped down alongside of the smiling and gratified Miss B——. A smart flirtation sprung up at once, and I could see that the Baron looked unhappy. Soon quite a bevy of members had collected around the charming young lady in the gallery. Another batch left the hall, in a body, to go over to the corner and get a drink (as I learned on inquiring at the bar afterward). A member from New England, who had evidently been up late the night before, stretched himself out on a sofa and went to sleep. A member from the South lighted a cigar and very composedly puffed away on it in a corner. Some put their feet up on their morocco-covered desks. Some stood around and talked. Some wrote and franked letters. The clerk read away on some bill or other, which nobody listened to; the reporters scribbled away, and the member from New England, asleep on the sofa, at last actually snored. He had just been re-elected for another two years, and therefore didn't care whether school kept or not. I didn't either. Because, in fact, as the old lady very soon became so much absorbed in the proceedings that any further present attention to her was needless, I found it quite agreeable to devote myself assiduously to my pretty cousin. By-and-by, however, Fitz Alamode came and sat down by us. I think Fitz is a little inclined to be sweet on Virginia. In fact, he did us all the honor of gallanting her back to the hotel, leaving me to the sole charge of my aunt.

Ten o'clock, p.m.—The member from the Swampoodle district has just dropped into my room, and says that young Alamode has been asking him about what fortune Miss Virginia is likely to have. I was delighted to hear that he had the sense to tell Fitz a few thousand dollars was all, and that he had said nothing about the rich old relative who has put down her name in his will for a very large cargo of the desirable spoons. I shall take care that the confounded little fortune-hunter don't hear of that.

A few minutes later I had the honor of a call from the correspondent of the New York *Daily Thundergust*. He told me that it was positively determined to remove Collector Schell, and that the vacant place was going to be conferred, at the instance of Hon. D. E. Sickles, upon the Benicia Boy. He added, by way of confirmation, that Mr. Buchanan had that very day been seen to take the Benicia Boy into a clothes-press, where a long and entirely private consultation had been held, the particulars of which he had obtained in detail for the *Thundergust* exclusively, and sent on by telegraph to that journal.

To-morrow my aunt is going again up to the House, while Miss Virginia and myself are going to call on the President.

LITERARY.

SELF-MADE MEN, by Chas. C. B. Seymour, published by Harper & Brothers, is a book which deserves wide circulation. It is a collection of well-selected and admirably-digested biographical sketches of men who, by dint of industrious and virtuous perseverance, have attained wealth, eminence, or usefulness; and to such men the minds of the young can never be too frequently directed. For a present to a young man we know nothing better than such a volume—at once a source of interest and a gallery of noble exemplars. Boys will study its pages with intensest admiration; for real life presents scenes that romance does not, in which the reader is able to appreciate the moral because he knows that the story is truth, and from which he derives a lesson that no tale of fancy can equal. To be such a man, to achieve such a success, to conquer such an enemy, to crush such a temptation—these are the objects of ambition which the volume offers, and which the reader seizes on and adopts as his own.

The author of "Peter Schlemihl in America," Mr. George Wood, has written another curious book, and Derby & Jackson have published it. The title, FUTURE LIFE; OR, SCENES IN ANOTHER WORLD, sufficiently explains to those who remember Peter what they may expect in this work, which does not equal its predecessor in any respect, but nevertheless possesses the interest of a very odd book. Peter Schlemihl—whether with or without his shadow does not appear, but with one Mrs. Jay, a New York lady—having passed through death, visits other worlds inhabited by various orders of beings, among whom angels and the redeemed souls of the former denizens of this sphere seem to be wandering; and with these various spirits Peter and his friend hold converse, not on fixed fate, free-will, foreknowledge, or any other subjects of that lofty and spiritual character, but mostly on crinoline and the opera, and other topics that may be supposed to interest the earthly readers of the story. Some truth is taught, some sharp things are well said, and some follies satirized; but, on the whole, we do not think that Mr. Wood's good hits repay us for the very commonplace notions we get from his book of the future life, and the inevitable conclusion at which we arrive that some members of higher circles in the "future life" are very stupid people, who had learned very little in this world and have made no advance in the other.

Derby & Jackson also publish a novel, WHILE IT WAS MORNING, by Virginia F. Townsend, which we have not been able to read except in passages here and there, from which we have marked the book as written in a simple and delicate style that promises well for the whole.

Mrs. Mary J. Holmes has written some very popular stories, and C. M. Saxton now publishes two of them in one volume—DORA DEANE and MAGGIE MILLER.

Dr. Macduff's STORY OF BETHLEHEM, written for the young in the Doctor's admirable style, and illustrated profusely, is a fine book for the small folks about Christmas time. Carter & Brothers publish it.

MATTHEW CARABY is an American novel, published by Mason Brothers, the interest of the story turning on the death of a city merchant, who, becoming insolvent, insures his life largely and commits suicide by smoking morphine in a cigar. One of his clerks, whose history has been the burden of the previous portions of the story, is tried for the murder, and acquitted with the aid of the insurance companies and a providential witness. The book is not above the average of late novels.

R. M. Dewitt publishes THE TENANT HOUSE, a novel, by A. J. H. Duganne, to which more than usual attention is invited by the array of distinguished names appended to commendatory letters. The author has made a story out of the abundant material which such places as the Old Brewery furnish; and one can hardly doubt, while reading, that the descriptive portions are drawn from reality, and terrible reality. The plot does not commend itself to ordinary notions of the probable. The various inhabitants of the barrack-houses are led through the mazes of a romantic story, and turn out to be, most of them, children of wealthy parents, or in some way connected with wealthy people, and in the end are pretty much all made comfortable by the accidents of life more than by the results of industry. All this, however, is the author's license as a novelist, and designed to bring before the world, in a readable form, his sketches of real life in the haunts of poverty, and in this view the book is calculated to do good. The work is further commendable in the fact that it teaches distinctly and clearly the influence of the Christian religion in reforming vice and reclaiming the destitute. Mr. Duganne has had means of information on the subject of tenant houses in New York which give to his relations the value of careful observation, and make them worthy the serious attention of all who desire to relieve the destitute and abandoned.

A young English lord, Lord Dufferin, in 1856, went in his yacht, *The Foam*, to northern latitudes, and touched at Iceland, where he had the jolliest of times for some weeks, visiting the Geysers, and getting gloriously drunk with the Icelanders, and making after-dinner speeches of the funniest kind in French, English, and, above all, in the funniest Latin. Prince Napoleon came along with his fleet, and took *The Foam* in tow behind *La Reine Hortense* steamer, and they pushed off for Jan Mayen, a lonesome island within the Arctic circle. But the Prince got out of coal, and shook off the yacht to pursue her own voyage by wind; and she did reach that desolate shore, and return thence to Norway, and at length sailed northward until this little craft, with but two inches of thin plank to resist the ice, actually reached a latitude within one hundred miles as far north as any expedition has hitherto attained. Lord Dufferin wrote letters to his mother, and told her of all his fun, fact, and fancy as he went on this strange pleasure-trip in a yacht; and these letters form the volume of LETTERS FROM HIGH LATITUDES, which Ticknor & Fields have now republished, and of which we have once before casually spoken. If we do not mistake, we related then the story of the cock who became crazy when the sun did not set any more, and actually drowned himself in a fit of nervous excitement. The book is a very careless and reckless lot of stuff, which will not increase the young lord's literary reputation, but will amuse readers more than any thing of the sort that has recently appeared. His Latin speech at the dinner is the gem of the story, and worth the price of the volume.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

CONGRESS.

CONGRESS met on 6th inst., and proceeded to business. In the Senate, Senator Mason gave notice that he would, on Tuesday, call up the case of the schooner *Amistad*; permission granted by 24 to 19. The President's Message was received and read. Comments thereon were made by Senators Bigler and Hale.——In the House, seats were drawn for, and several notices of bills and resolutions were given. The Message was then received and read.

On 7th, in the Senate, Senator Wilson gave notice of a bill to appropriate 1,000,000 acres of public lands for the support of free schools in the District of Columbia. Senator Gwin gave notice that he would call up the Pacific Railroad Bill at an early day. Some other personal matters were noticed.——In the House, a resolution requesting the President to take steps for the abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty was referred to the Committee of the Whole; a motion to lay on the table having been negatived by 93 to 90. Mr. Billinghurst moved to take the Pacific Railroad out of the hands of the Select Committee appointed on the subject; lost. Mr. Bernhisel offered a resolution to refund to Utah the expenses incurred in suppressing Indian hostilities in 1853, and to construct a wagon-road from Bridger's Pass to Salt Lake City. Mr. Stevens offered a resolution for a wagon-road through Washington Territory.

On 9th, in the Senate, Senator Iverson gave notice of a motion to abolish the franking privilege, and to substitute a commutation in money. Several memorials were presented, and the standing Committees were appointed.——In the House, the standing Committees were appointed. Mr. Harris gave notice of bills to render Territorial Governors and Judges elective, to admit sugar and salt free of duty, and to amend the naturalization laws. The case of Judge Watrous was then taken up, and discussed by Messrs. Ready, Houston, Craige, Reagan, Cochrane, Chapman, and Tappan.

On 10th, in the Senate, considerable routine business was transacted.——In the House, Mr. Boyce moved to admit Lieutenant Mowry as Delegate from Arizona; objected to. The case of Judge Watrous was then further discussed by Messrs. Billinghurst, Ready, and Davis.

On Saturday, the Senate not being in session, the House was occupied all day with the Watrous impeachment.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

The President's Message was sent into Congress on December 8. It is longer even than such documents usually are. We can of course only find space for a few very brief extracts. After alluding to the settlement of the Kansas and Utah questions, and throwing out some suggestions as to the organization of future Territories, the President passes to our foreign relations.

THE RIGHT OF SEARCH QUESTION.

"I am gratified to inform you that the long pending controversy between the two governments, in relation to the question of visitation and search, has been amicably adjusted. The claim on the part of Great Britain, forcibly to visit American vessels on the high seas in the time of peace, could not be sustained under the law of nations, and it had been overruled by her own most eminent jurists. This question was recently brought to an issue by the repeated acts of British cruisers in boarding and searching our merchant vessels in the Gulf of Mexico and the adjacent seas. * * * Remonstrances were addressed to the British government against these violations of our rights of sovereignty. The British government promptly avowed its recognition of the principles of international law upon this subject, as laid down by the government of the United States, in the note of the Secretary of State to the British Minister at Washington, of April 10, 1858, which secure the vessels of the United States upon the high seas from visitation or search in time of peace, under any circumstances whatever. The claim has been abandoned in a manner reflecting honor on the British government, and evincing a just regard for the law of nations, and can not fail to strengthen the amicable relations between the two countries.

"The British government at the same time proposed to the United States that some mode should be adopted, by mutual arrangement between the two countries, of a character which may be found effective without being offensive, for verifying the nationality of vessels suspected on good grounds for carrying false colors. They have also invited the United States to take the initiative, and propose measures for this purpose. While declining to assume so grave a responsibility, the Secretary of State has informed the British government that we are ready to receive any proposals which they may feel disposed to offer having this object in view, and to consider them in an amicable spirit. A strong opinion is, however, expressed that the occasional abuse of the flag of any nation is an evil far less to be deprecated than would be the establishment of any regulations which might be incompatible with the freedom of the seas. This government has yet received no communication specifying the manner in which the British government would propose to carry out their suggestion; and I am inclined to believe that no plan which can be devised will be free from grave embarrassments. Still, I shall form no decided opinion on the subject until I shall have carefully and in the best spirit examined any proposals which they may think proper to make."

THE CASE OF MEXICO.

In relation to Mexico, the President says: "The imposition of the contribution upon foreigners is considered an unjust and oppressive measure. Besides, internal factions in other parts of the republic were at the same time levying similar exactions upon the property of our citizens, and interrupting their commerce. There had been an entire failure on the part of our Minister to secure redress for the wrongs which our citizens had endured, notwithstanding his persevering efforts. And from the temper manifested by the Mexican government he had repeatedly assured us that no favorable change could be expected until the United States should 'give striking evidence of their will and power to protect their citizens,' and that 'severe chastening is the only earthly remedy for our grievances.'

"Abundant cause now undoubtedly exists for a resort to hostilities against the government still holding possession of the capital. Should they succeed in subduing the Constitutional forces, all reasonable hope will then have expired of a peaceful settlement of our difficulties.

"On the other hand, should the Constitutional party prevail, and their authority be established over the republic, there is reason to hope that they will be animated by a less unfriendly spirit, and may grant that redress to American citizens which justice requires, so far as they may possess the means. But for this expectation, I should at once have recommended to Congress to grant the necessary power to the President to take possession of a sufficient portion of the remote and unsettled territory of Mexico, to be held in pledge until our injuries shall be redressed and our just demands be satisfied. We have already exhausted every milder means of obtaining justice. In such a case this remedy of reprisals is recognized by the law of nations, not only as just in itself, but as a means of preventing actual war.

THE PROTECTORATE OVER CHIHUAHUA AND SONORA.

"But there is another view of our relations with Mexico, arising from the unhappy condition of affairs along our southwestern frontier, which demands immediate action. In that remote region, where there are but few white inhabitants, large bands of hostile and predatory Indians roam promiscuously over the Mexican States of Chihuahua and Sonora and our adjoining Territories. The local governments of these States are perfectly helpless, and are kept in a state of constant alarm by the Indians. They have not the power, if they possessed the will, even to restrain lawless Mexicans from passing the border and committing depredations on our remote settlers. A state of anarchy and violence prevails throughout that distant frontier. The laws are a dead letter, and life and property are wholly insecure. For this reason the settlement of Arizona is arrested, while it is of great importance that a chain of inhabitants should extend all along its southern border, sufficient for their own protection and that of the United States mail passing to and from California. Well-founded apprehensions are now entertained, that the Indians, and wandering Mexicans, equally lawless, may break up the important stage and postal communication recently established between our Atlantic and Pacific possessions. This passes very near to the Mexican boundary, throughout the whole length of Arizona. I can imagine no possible remedy for these evils, and no mode of restoring law and order on that remote and unsettled frontier, but for the Government of the United States to assume a temporary protectorate over the northern portions of Chihuahua and Sonora, and to establish military posts within the same; and this I earnestly recommend to Congress. This protection may be withdrawn as soon as local governments shall be established in these Mexican States, capable of performing their duties to the United States, restraining the lawless and preserving peace along the border."

THE CUBA QUESTION.

"It has been made known to the world by my predecessors, that the United States have, on several occasions, endeavored to acquire Cuba from Spain by honorable negotiation. If this were accomplished, the last relic of the African slave-trade would instantly disappear. We would not, if we could, acquire Cuba in any other manner. This is due to our national character. All the territory which we have acquired since the origin of the government has been by fair purchase from France, Spain, and Mexico, or by the free and voluntary act of the independent State of Texas in blending her destinies with our own. This course we shall ever pursue, unless circumstances should occur, which we do not now anticipate, rendering a departure from it clearly justifiable, under the imperative and overruling law of self-preservation.

"The island of Cuba, from its geographical position, commands the mouth of the Mississippi, and the immense and annually increasing trade, foreign and coastwise, from the valley of that noble river, now embracing half the sovereign States of the Union. With that island under the dominion of a distant foreign Power, this trade, of vital importance to these States, is exposed to the danger of being destroyed in time of war, and it has hitherto been subjected to perpetual injury and annoyance in time of peace. Our relations with Spain, which ought to be of the most friendly character, must always be placed in jeopardy while the existing colonial government over the island shall remain in its present condition.

"While the possession of the island would be of vast

importance to the United States, its value to Spain is, comparatively, unimportant. Such was the relative situation of the parties when the great Napoleon transferred Louisiana to the United States. Jealous, as he ever was, of the national honor and interests of France, no person throughout the world has imputed blame to him for accepting a pecuniary equivalent for this cession.

"The publicity which has been given to our former negotiations upon this subject, and the large appropriation which may be required to effect the purpose, render it expedient, before making another attempt to renew the negotiation, that I should lay the whole subject before Congress. This is especially necessary, as it may become indispensable to success that I should be intrusted with the means of making an advance to the Spanish government immediately after the signing of the treaty, without awaiting the ratification of it by the Senate. I am encouraged to make this suggestion by the example of Mr. Jefferson previous to the purchase of Louisiana from France, and by that of Mr. Polk in view of the acquisition of territory from Mexico. I refer the whole subject to Congress, and commend it to their careful consideration."

THE PUBLIC DEBT.

"The public debt on the 1st of July, 1858—the commencement of the present fiscal year—was $25,155,977 66.

"During the first quarter of the present year the sum of $10,000,000 has been negotiated of the loan authorized by the act of 14th of June, 1858—making the present outstanding public debt, exclusive of Treasury notes, $35,155,977 66. There was, on the 1st of July, 1858, of Treasury notes issued by authority of the act of December 23, 1857, unredeemed, the sum of $19,754,800—making the amount of actual indebtedness, at that date, $54,910,777 66. To this will be added $10,000,000 during the present fiscal year, this being the remaining half of the loan of $20,000,000 not yet negotiated.

"The rapid increase of the public debt, and the necessity which exists for a modification of the tariff, to meet even the ordinary expenses of the government, ought to admonish us all, in our respective spheres of duty, to the practice of rigid economy. The objects of expenditure should be limited in number, as far as this may be practicable, and the appropriations necessary to carry them into effect ought to be disbursed under the strictest accountability. Enlightened economy does not consist in the refusal to appropriate money for constitutional purposes essential to the defense, progress, and prosperity of the republic, but in taking care that none of this money shall be wasted by mismanagement in its application to the objects designated by law."

A REVENUE TARIFF.

"It is our true policy to increase our revenue so as to equal our expenditures. It would be ruinous to continue to borrow. Besides, it may be proper to observe that the incidental protection thus afforded by a revenue tariff would, at the present moment, to some extent increase the confidence of the manufacturing interests, and give a fresh impulse to our reviving business. To this, surely, no person will object.

"In regard to the mode of assessing and collecting duties under a strictly revenue tariff, I have long entertained and often expressed the opinion that sound policy requires this should be done by specific duties, in cases to which these can be properly applied. They are well adapted to commodities which are usually sold by weight or measure, and which, from their nature, are of equal or of nearly equal value. Such, for example, are the articles of iron of different classes, raw sugar, and foreign wines and spirits.

"In my deliberate judgment, specific duties are the best, if not the only means of securing the revenue against false and fraudulent invoices, and such has been the practice adopted for this purpose by other commercial nations. Besides, specific duties would afford to the American manufacturer the incidental advantages to which he is fairly entitled under a revenue tariff. The present system is a sliding scale to his disadvantage. Under it, when prices are high and business prosperous, the duties rise in amount when he least requires their aid. On the contrary, when prices fall, and he is struggling against adversity, the duties are diminished in the same proportion, greatly to his injury."

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY OF WAR.

The authorized strength of the army, as posted, is 18,165, but the actual strength, on July 1, was 17,498. These troops compose the whole numerical force of our army, distributed through the States and Territories of the entire Confederacy, manning all the fortifications occupied by the troops, holding all posts now garrisoned, defending all our extended frontiers, and protecting, as far as possible, the different routes extending across the continent, from the Mississippi Valley to our possessions on the Pacific.

In speaking of the war with the Indians on the Pacific, the Secretary says that a permanent peace has been established by treaties entered into with them, and the army has been already distributed to points where the presence of a force was greatly needed.

The Secretary says he has attempted, as far as possible, to meet the just wishes of Congress in reducing the expenses, and the estimates of the next fiscal year are less than the appropriations for the last by the sum of $9,160,488. They are less than the estimates laid before Congress at the last session by the sum of $2,736,408. They amount, in the aggregate, to $18,010,090; and he entertains a strong hope that the expenditure may be still further reduced in the course of another year.

REPORT OF THE NAVY DEPARTMENT.

For the support of the navy and marine corps, and all other objects under the control of the Navy Department, for the fiscal year ending the 30th of June, 1858, the estimates were $13,803,212; appropriations, $14,240,247; expenditures, $13,870,684; there having been some curtailment of expense by reason of a falling off in the revenue. For the fiscal year ending June 30, 1859, the estimates were $14,616,298; appropriations, $14,508,354; these having been largely retrenched in consequence of a diminution of the revenue, and again increased by appropriating $1,200,000 for eight light draft war-steamers, which were not embraced in the estimates. For the fiscal year ending the 30th June, 1860, the estimates are $13,500,370, including $674,000 for completing the eight light draft steamers, authorized at the last session of Congress, and not including the usual compensation of $935,850 for steamship and mail service.

POST-OFFICE REPORT.

The Postmaster-General says that the expenses of the Department, over and above its resources, have regularly increased ever since the reduction of postages. It would, however, be obviously erroneous to suppose that the charge upon the Treasury is to progress in a ratio proportionate to what it has been for the last few years. Our postal system is now extended over the whole country, from one ocean to the other.

The Postmaster-General proposes, in lieu of the franking privilege now allowed by law to members of Congress, that the Secretary of the Senate and the Clerk of the House of Representatives, or such other officer as may be designated for the purpose, furnish the members with postage stamps to be used on all letters, public documents, and packets transmitted by them in the mails, and keep an account of the stamps furnished to each member, to be paid for out of the contingent fund of the House.

To avoid dissatisfaction and the practical inconvenience of having different rates of postage regulated by distances, it is respectfully submitted whether one uniform rate of five cents for all distances would not enlarge the usefulness of the Department, and diminish, if it did not entirely prevent, such heavy drafts upon the Treasury, and best promote the interest and convenience of the people.

The whole number of post-offices on 30th June last was 27,977, of which 400 are of the class denominated presidential; whole number established during the last fiscal year, 2121; number discontinued, 730; increase, 1391; number of postmasters appointed, 8284. Of these 4535 were to fill vacancies occasioned by resignation, 998 by removals, 278 by deaths, [illegible] by change of names and sites, and 2121 on establishment of [illegible] offices. Whole number of offices December 1, 1[illegible]. On the 30th June last there were in operation 8296 mail routes. The number of contractors was 7041. The length of these routes is estimated at 260,603 miles; total amount of transportation, 78,765,461 miles, and cost $7,795,418.

Compared with the service reported June 30, 1857, there is an addition of 18,002 miles to the length of routes, and $1,173,372 to the cost. The total estimates for the current year are $10,615,947. The total expenditures of the Department in the fiscal year ending June 30, 1858, amounted to $12,722,470. The estimated receipts and expenditures in 1859: expenditures, $14,776,520; means, $11,094,393; deficiency, $3,682,127.

REPORT OF THE LAND-OFFICE.

The report of the Land-office covers five quarters. During that period there were 15,209,370 acres of public lands surveyed, which, with former surveys, made a quantity of 61,951,046 acres of the public lands surveyed and ready for market on the 30th September, 1858, which had never before been offered at public sale.

During the same period there were sold for cash 4,804,919 4-100, from which was realized $2,534,192 20, located with Military Land Warrants, $6,983,110 00, and reported Swamp Land Grants of 1,401,565 8-000 acres; making an aggregate of cash sales, land warrant locations, and swamp selections of $12,183,594 54.

DEPARTURE OF THE FILIBUSTERS FROM MOBILE.

Telegraphic messages from Mobile state that the schooner *Susan*, Captain Marcy, sailed from that port on 6th inst., with 140 passengers and well provisioned, but without a clearance, on pretense of being bound on a coasting voyage. Before reaching Mobile Point, she was overhauled by an armed boat from the cutter *M'Clelland*, and stopped. The passengers on board the *Susan* threatened the cutter men with violence.

Finally, after some delay, the cutter *M'Clelland* fired into the *Susan*, but no damage was caused. Lieutenant White, of the cutter, remained on board the *Susan* "as a guest."

A VISIT TO BERLIN HEIGHTS.

The Cleveland *Plaindealer* publishes the following letter, purporting to be written by an itinerant showman who called one day upon the communists of Berlin Heights:

"Here i am at Berlin Hites amung the Free-Lovers. I arrove hear last Toosday & bitterly doo i cuss the Day i ever sot foot in this retched place. I hearn tell of these Free-Luvirs for sum time & i thawt ide cum and see that kind of kritters they was. I pitcht my tent in a field near the Luv Cure, as they kall it & unfoldid my bannir to the Breese. Bimby the people kommensed fur to pour into my show & i begun for to kongratulate myself on doing a stavin bisness. But they ur a corney-lookin set, i must say. The mens fases was all kivered with hair and they looked half starved to deth. The wimmen was wus nor the men. They wore trowsis, short gownds and straw hats, with fadid green ribbins onto them, & they all kerrid bloo kotton umbrellers in their hands. Bimeby a perfekly orful looking femaile presentid herself to the dore. Hur gound was skanderlously short, & hur trowsis was shameful to behold. Sez she, 'Ar, kin it be? yes, tis trou, O tis trou?' Sez i, '15 sents marm.' Sez she, '& so ive found you at larst—at larst, O at larst.' Sez i, 'Yes yu has found me at larst & you wood have found me at fust if you had cum sunner.' Sez she, 'Ar you a man?' Sez i, 'i think i air, but if yer dowt it yu may address Mrs. A. Ward, Baldinsville, Injianny, postidge pade, & she will dowtliss giv yu the required infurmashun.' Sez she, 'Then yu air what the wurld cawls marrid?' I sed, 'Yes marm, i air.' The eksentric female then grabd me by the arm & sez she, in a wild voise, 'You air mine, O you air mine!' 'Scarcely,' sez i, as i releesed myself from her irun grasp. She agane clutched me by the arm & sed, 'You air my affinerty.' Sez i, 'What upon arth is that?' 'Dost thow not know?' sez she. 'No marm,' sez i, 'i dostunt.' Sez she, 'Listen man, & ile tell ye. Fur years ive yearned for thee. I knowd thou wast in the wurld sumwhares, altho i knowd not thy name or plase of residunce. My hart sed he wood cum & i took currige. He has cum—he is hear—yu air him—yu air my affinerty! O tis two mutch—two mutch!' and she bust out a cryin. 'Yes,' sez i, 'i think it is darn site two mutch.' 'Hast thow not yearned fur me?' she yelled, ringing her hands like a femaile play actor. Sez i, 'not a yearn.' Bi this time a grate krowd of free lovirs had kollectid around us, & they all kommensed fur to holler 'shame,' 'brute,' 'beast,' etsettery, etsettery. I wus jest as mad as a Martch hair. Sez i, 'yu pack of ornery critters go away frum me & taik this retchid woomun along with yu. My name is Artemus Ward, & ime in the show bisinis. i pay my bills & mind my own 'fairs. ime a married man & my childrun all look like me if i am a showman; i dont go in fur setting the laws of my country at defiance. I aint in favur of privatearin or nothing else illegal. I think yure affinerty business is cussed nonsense, besides bein outrajusly wicked. I pored 4th my indignation in this way until i gut out of breth, when i stopt. I took down my tent & i shall leeve town this evening.

A. WARD."

A CONSCIENTIOUS EDITOR!!!

"Mr. Deck," says an Ohio editor, "is an American by birth, and one of the most respectable men in our community. His height is six feet—straight as an arrow—and weighs, when stripped, 206 pounds. He proposes to fight Tom Hyer for $5000 a side. His huge and giant-like frame indicates him to be a man of very superior strength; *and, though we hope the two combatants may never meet, yet if a transaction so disgraceful should ever occur, we predict for the Buckeye Boy the championship of the world.*"

A YOUNG LADY IN A TRANCE.

We read in the Boston *Journal*: "We have been informed of the following singular case, which we publish in the hope that it may elicit information which will solve the mystery connected therewith. On Monday morning last, as the train from Fall River reached Bridgewater, a young lady, apparently seventeen or eighteen years old, and well dressed, who was on board, complained of sudden illness, and requested to be left at that station. Her wish was complied with, and she called for a hackman and requested to be taken to the best hotel in the place. She was taken to the Bridgewater Hotel and shown to a room, when she immediately retired. As she did not appear the next morning, the landlord went to her room and knocked, but received no answer. He then had the door opened, and found the young lady in bed, and, apparently, in a sound sleep. Efforts were made to awaken her, but they were unsuccessful, and physicians were called in. Their efforts to restore her to consciousness up to this morning were ineffectual, and she remained in the same condition as she was found on Tuesday morning. The physicians say that there are no evidences of poison about her, and they do not know what to make of the case. She has nothing with her to indicate who she is or where she belongs. Her luggage consisted of a valise, in which was a note addressed to Abigail MacIntyre; and also a Bible, in which was a recommendation of one church to another what churches they were our informant does not recollect). She had, also, in her pocket railroad checks from Fairhaven to Middleboro', from which it is surmised that she may have come from Fairhaven or New Bedford. The incident creates a great deal of interest in Bridgewater."

THE WAY OF THE TRANSGRESSOR.

The Buffalo *Commercial Advertiser* says: "Some twelve or fourteen years ago Harlow Case was a respectable and esteemed citizen of Buffalo. He held the place of assistant-postmaster under Mr. Dorsheimer, and was for many years intrusted with the more important duties of the office. A member of one of the Baptist churches, upright in every walk of life, married, and the father of a family, he seemed to be as firm in the straightforward paths of virtue as any other. Removing to Sandusky, Ohio, he received the appointment of Collector of that port under Mr. Fillmore. The appointment was one universally approved, and the numerous friends of Case in this city were rejoiced at his success in life. While holding that office he was intimate in the family of a Mr. F——, one of his assistants. Mrs. F—— was young, beautiful, impassioned, and a fatal attachment grew up between the two, which remained unsuspected until the truth was made known by the sudden elopement of Case with Mrs. F——, and the simultaneous discovery that he had absconded with Government funds to the amount of some $34,000. From that time forward nearly all trace of the guilty pair was lost. The family of Case, bereaved and betrayed, remained hopeless in their grief. Mr. F—— engaged in a long but fruitless chase of the fugitives. And now from off the sea come tidings, a broken, half-told story of lonely wanderings in foreign lands; a full recital of a never-ceasing remorse, with pitiful and solitary deaths in far-away islands and on the stormy waters of the Indian Ocean. Both victims of unhallowed passion are asleep—the mother in the groves of Ceylon, the little child in the coral forests of the sea. The betrayer still wanders the earth, the heavy hand of an avenging God upon him, and sends to his abandoned home this message of his sorrow."

PERSONAL.

A letter from Senator Sumner, dated Paris, Nov. 18, says:

"To-morrow morning there will be a consultation of physicians on my case, to ascertain where I am now, at what stage I have arrived, and what remains to be done. I regret that I can not announce the result of this conference by the steamer that takes this letter. I fear that it will be against my return this winter to my public duties. At all events, I shall not return before January. * * * * My summer, down to the close of August, was most painful and harassing. My sufferings were complicated. There seemed to be hardly an ache or smart in nature which did not visit me, and at times with an intensity which was overpowering. But now I am comfortable. Two physicians express the opinion that I have made a most perceptible advance. I think so too. I am sure of it. At times I have despaired; but now I am confident that I shall be as well as ever. I can not express the disappointment I feel in this protracted separation from my duties. I long—oh, how I long!—to have my natural health, and once more renew my old labors—twelve or fourteen hours a day."

The Hon. James Chesnut, Jun., elected Senator from South Carolina for the short term, is between forty and fifty years of age, and a graduate of Princeton. According to the *South Carolinian*, he will go to Washington about the 1st of January.

The Howard *Tribune* announces the marriage of the Hon. John U. Pettit, Member of Congress from the XIth District of Indiana, to Miss Brenton, daughter of the late Hon. Samuel Brenton.

A Queen's messenger left yesterday afternoon for New York, having in charge a young girl named Polydore, who has been brought from Utah by Judge Eckles, in obedience to instructions from the United States government. She was taken from England by her mother some years since, and her father prevailed upon the British authorities to make an application for her restoration. This has been complied with, and the girl was given to the British Minister here, who will have her sent home by the *Africa*, which will leave New York on Saturday. The mother of the girl, we understand, followed her to this city, and may endeavor to obtain possession of her.

"Perley" writes to the Boston *Journal* from Washington, the 5th:

"The 'Club House' fitted up by Mr. Pendleton just prior to his death, in what was Flint's Hotel, was formally opened last night. Engraved invitations were sent out to all gentlemen in society here, with members of 'the profession,' and at the bottom are the hours at which the table is to be spread during the winter. 'Dinner at 5; Supper at 10; Breakfast at 12.' From this it may be inferred that those who 'fight ye Tiger' will rise late in the day, and commence business operations early in the evening. The *Roi des Cartes* is Mr. Hall."

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

RECALL OF LORD NAPIER.

THE London *Morning Post* (anti-ministerial organ) announces the recall of Lord Napier, and the promotion of Mr. Lyons from Florence to Washington. It says the assigned cause of his recall is Lord Napier's tendency in favor of the Monroe doctrine. The London *Globe* (anti-ministerial) confirms the report; but says that Lord Napier will have a European mission, the Government merely making the change in the regular course of diplomatic promotion, being perfectly satisfied with Lord Napier's course.

And the *Herald* (semi-officially) to the same effect: "We have authority for denying the accuracy of this statement. The probable removal of Lord Napier to a European post is not caused by any dissatisfaction on the part of the Government with his Lordship's opinions or conduct in the United States. His appointment to a European mission is in the regular course of diplomatic promotion; the zeal and ability which he has always shown in the performance of his public duty have entitled his Lordship to the best consideration of Her Majesty's Government."

It is understood that Lord Napier goes to Berlin, as the successor of Lord Bloomfield, who retires on a pension.

LORD NAPIER'S SUCCESSOR.

The successor of Lord Napier is to be Richard Pemell Bickerton Lyons, who, by the death of his father, the distinguished Admiral, has just become Baron Lyons. Lord Lyons is at present *attaché* to the legation at Florence, and entre-resident at Rome.

FRANCE.

SENTENCE ON MONTALEMBERT.

Count de Montalembert has been convicted in Paris for his publication of a "Debate on the State of India in the British Parliament," and sentenced to 3000 francs fine and six months imprisonment, amidst great excitement.

HOW GRAND LADIES LIVE AT PARIS.

A Paris correspondent writes: "In Paris the season has fairly opened; but one great lady, one noble leader of fashion, is not there, and will not be. A northern clime has the honor of her birth, she is nearly connected with royalty itself, and a marriage with the son of one of France's greatest generals has acclimated her in Paris, where she has long shone as one of the brightest of the bright on the horizon of fashion. * Alas! her glory is eclipsed. There was a time when a great lady did arrive from the north with plenty of rubles or florins and a noble name. Madame de —— received her with charming affability, introduced her to the world (of course the world *comme il faut*), and to the best dress-maker, the most fashionable jeweler, where, to secure Madame de ——'s guidance, was the sole, the great ambition of every new fragile bark launched in the maelstrom of Parisian life. But sublunary glory is perishable. Last winter certain unpleasant rumors began to circulate. 'What a beautiful dress you have here!' says Madame A to Madame B; 'it must have cost something.' 'I gave six hundred francs for it.' 'Why, that's dreadful! I have one of the same kind that cost me four hundred.' 'I bought mine from Madame de ——'s dress-maker.' 'What a pretty bonnet, Princess!' 'Indeed! you think so? It cost me one hundred and fifty francs.' 'Too dear by half.' 'I got it from Madame de ——'s milliner.'

"Such dialogues led to revelations; and here is the dénouement. This winter Madame de —— receives from the principal northern ladies of her acquaintance a score of letters, all composed in about the following terms, which are an authentic sample:

"'DEAR MADAME,—We are beginning to think of our fall toilets. Be so kind as to drop in during the morning; we shall agree on the stuffs and bonnets I need. You know I have every confidence in your exquisite taste. As heretofore, you will have the goodness to accept forty per cent. for your commission.

"'Believe me, dear Madame, etc.,
(Signed) "'COMTESSE DE ——'

"I give you this little story because it contains a moral which some of your lady readers who have shopped in Paris may recognize, and others who have yet that pleasure before them may need."

TWO GREAT PURCHASES.

"Paris is talking a good deal this week of two purchases. Count Duchatel has bought for his wife a ruby, a single ruby, for which he has paid $80,000, which makes her the mistress of the finest casket in Paris, except that enjoyed by the Empress—mind, I say enjoyed, for the Empress's casket does not belong to her, but to France. The Countess Duchatel's casket is worth a million of dollars. Monte Christo, the famous villa built and inhabited by Alexandre Dumas, has been again sold. None of its proprietors keep it long; they soon grow tired of it, perhaps because they are annoyed by visitors, or the arrangement of the house is inconvenient. Heaven only knows through how many (and what) hands it has passed since 1849, when the auctioneer entered it in the suite of the sheriff. The new landlord is Dr. Evans, the well known American dentist of the Rue de la Paix. Talk of sowing dragon's teeth to raise an army! That might do well enough for antiquity, which possessed neither the printing press, nor the electric telegraph, nor the steam-engine; but for modern times, which possess all of these and more wonders, the true magic is to pull out men's teeth; pull out enough, and you may raise armies, equip navies, and have the world at your feet."

AN AMERICAN EXHIBITION IN PARIS.

A correspondent of the *Evening Post* writes: "A want long felt by Americans visiting Paris is likely to be answered. With but a few days or weeks in Paris, the visitor finds it impossible to learn of the location of American artists, or, knowing it, to visit them, scattered as they are over this large city. It is proposed to establish a gallery in some central location, in which our artists can exhibit their pictures. Several resident Americans have generously offered to subscribe a sum sufficient to defray the preliminary expenses of this worthy object, and it bids fair to become one of the institutions of this city of attractions."

BOA CONSTRICTORS SWALLOWING BLANKETS.

The Jardin des Plantes has received from Cayenne a considerable cargo of boa constrictors; the largest is about two feet in diameter and thirty feet long; the day he was put in his cage he swallowed his blanket; the keeper saw him when the blanket was almost entirely swallowed, he took it by the end and pulled it out of his mouth. These beasts are torpid all day, but when night comes they hiss loudly, and the rattlesnakes ring their rattles with great noise.

ANOTHER PHILANTHROPIST PUNISHED.

The Paris Tribunal of Correctional Police has been engaged with some amusing cases. It has sentenced to a heavy fine a philanthropist who provided the natives of one of the suburbs of Paris with remedies for all their bodily and moral ailments. Like Dulcamara, he had an *elisir d'amore*—"to inspire love by magnetic attraction." He, however, told his customers that it would not act unless they kept their nails and teeth scrupulously clean. The benefactor of mankind was making a large income out of this specific when the police interfered.

BELGIUM.

A DINNER WITH THE KING.

The correspondent of the Washington *States* writes of a dinner at the palace at which he was a guest: "There were two American ladies present—one the wife of a Belgian diplomat, who used his diplomacy to win an American wife. She was in pink silk, trimmed with white lace, simply *coiffed* with pink flowers in her hair. The other is a friend of yours—the wife of the American Minister to the Belgian Court, Mrs. Fair, of Alabama. She wore a dress *à la Pampadour*, for the description of which I must refer you to the costumes of Louis XIV. All I can say of it is, that it was white, in some way trimmed with green, and one of the most striking novelties of the season. She was coiffed *à la Mary Stuart*, like the Duchess, with flowers so arranged that I could not tell whether they were natural or artificial. The *tout ensemble* was a masterly combination of simplicity and elegance, which defies all description, and which elicited several delicate and well-turned compliments from her partner in the dance, the heir-apparent to the throne, that, Ariel-like, I was enabled to overhear, and jot down in my memory for future use.

"I had the advantage of knowing Mrs. Fair before, but never had I seen her so radiant with beauty. At dinner she was seated between the King and the Prince, and smiled and chatted with both with an ease and graceful unconcern that made me think she had spent her life at courts. Shall I now tell you of the rich service, truly royal in its splendor of gold; of the two waiters to every guest; the different wines to each of the innumerable courses; the music of the King's band, celebrated over all Europe for its exquisite performance? I can but allude to all this, or my paper and your patience are fast giving out.

THE KING A LOVER OF THE AMERICANS.

"A few words only of the King. He is a most charming old man, full of graceful courtesy and an unaffected simplicity of manners—a perfect model of a citizen king—the chief magistrate of a free people. After dinner he conversed almost the whole evening with the American Minister, telling him how he trusted solely to the affections of the masses, with every part of which he came in daily contact; how he needed neither guards nor soldiers: and were it otherwise, he would not wish (!) to be a monarch for an hour. Gradually the two gentlemen grew merry; and one standing close and listening, without having the appearance, might have heard the American tell the other stories of a certain original judge, who, in times gone by, dealt out the law in rather a quaint fashion, in or near the capital of Alabama State.

"I may observe that, from the King downward, the whole of this nation profess the most sincere affection for the United States, whom they resemble in many points. At the dinner I speak of the American Minister and his wife had the place of honor, both in the drawing-room, at the table, and indeed were the only ones of the diplomatic corps invited. On all occasions the most marked distinction and courtesy has been shown them; and although this is in a great measure due to their personal popularity, yet a portion of it must be ascribed to the nation which they represent.

AN AMERICAN HEIRESS TO MARRY A BARON.

"As this is pre-eminently a gossiping letter, I shall wind up with a little bit of news, of which I am not at liberty to speak otherwise than in hints, and even that only in your ear of ears. A certain American heiress of immense wealth, and whilom a great Washington belle, quite a Ko-i-noor in priceless setting, a few days ago arrived in Brussels for the purpose of being married to an Austrian baron. The whole thing is as yet a secret, or supposed to be. The ceremony is to be performed first by a clergyman of the bride's persuasion, at the American Legation, and then by the Pope's nuncio at the hotel of the Austrian embassy. Now guess who can."

TURKEY.

A STORY OF THE HAREM.

A good story is told of the favorite Sultaness. The other day the Sultan sent her word by a eunuch that he was about to pay her a visit. "Has he got a pass to come from Riza Pacha?" she replied. Riza Pacha is, as you know, the minister charged with the reforms the Sultan is trying to introduce into his Court, and with whom the Harem is offended, because he curtails their extravagant expenditure of money.

THE JAFFA OUTRAGE.

A letter recently received by the Boston *Journal*, from Beirut, dated October 29, says:

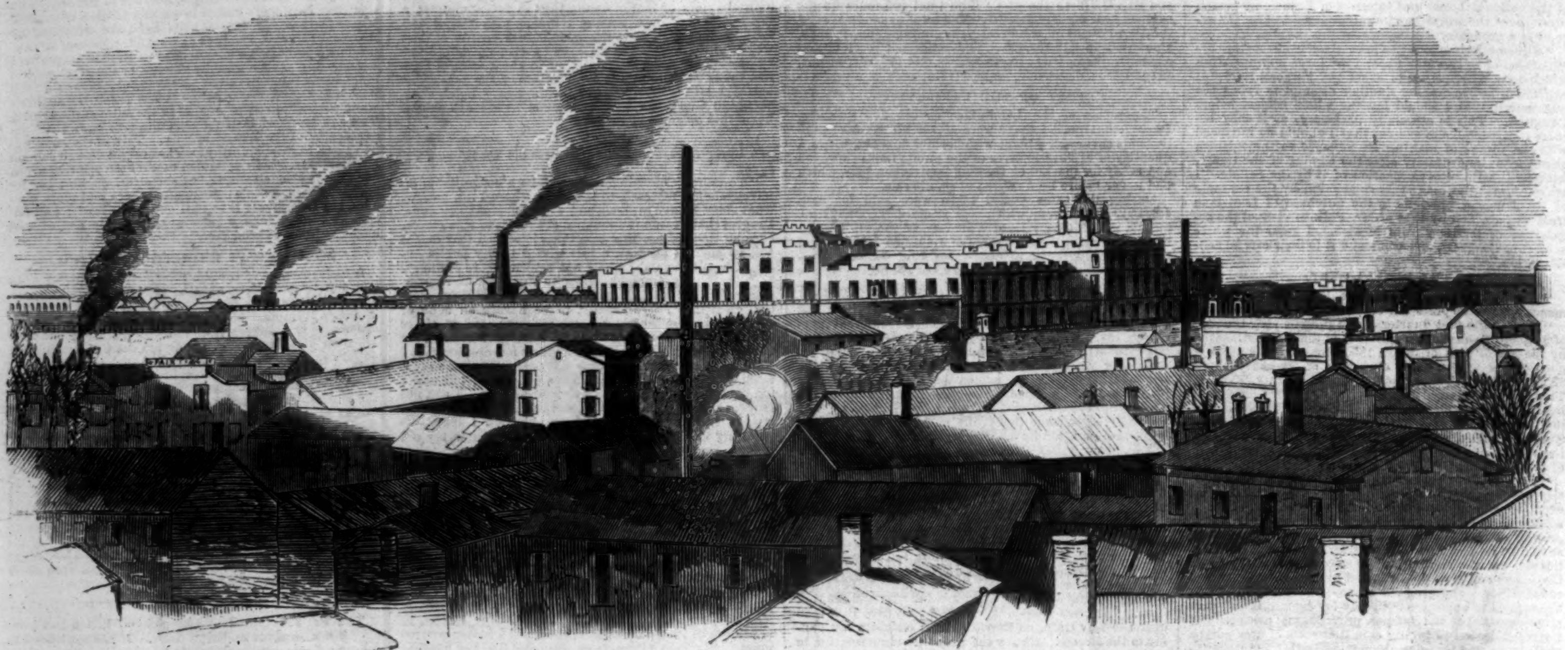
"The fifth and last murderer implicated in the Jaffa outrage, captured at Nablores, on being brought to Beirut, and his case examined into, proved not to be the real murderer. The governor of Haifa, who allowed the real man to escape, is himself now in surveillance here, and will be kept so till the real murderer be forthcoming.

"The United States frigate *Wabash* arrived here on the 26th, and is now at anchor in our roads. Several American ladies visited her, and while yet on board they were somewhat startled by the firing of a salute in honor of the Pasha, then leaving the ship. She is to sail soon, and the *Macedonian* will take her place, and remain on the coast till the Jaffa outrage is settled."

A postscript, dated November 1, adds:

"The *Wabash* leaves to-day for Tripoli and Jaffa."

TORTURE AND HOMICIDE IN AN AMERICAN STATE PRISON.



VIEW OF THE STATE PRISON AT AUBURN, NEW YORK.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY E. P. SENTER.]

WE need no longer, it seems, travel to China or Japan for illustrations of torture. A visit to our own penitentiaries and prisons will furnish all the horrors that the most curious appetite can desire.

A year ago we published an account of the poor-houses of this State. Our account was derived from the Report of a Legislative Committee. It showed, in brief, that, as a general rule, paupers and other inmates of State benevolent institutions were not properly fed; that they were not adequately protected against the cold; that the sexes herded together promiscuously at night; and that, in many instances, poor wretched idiots, half-starved and ill-clad, had actually frozen to death in their cells in State institutions.

We now present a far more fearful picture of the mismanagement of our public institutions for the confinement and correction of criminals. On 2d inst. a convict named More, imprisoned in the State Prison at Auburn, was showered to death by the prison officials. The circumstances of the case are simply as follows:

The convict, More, was a negro. He is certified to have been a man of naturally pleasant temper, but violent when crossed. On 1st inst. he was said to have been in a bad humor; he was seen, or is said to have been seen, to sharpen a knife, and to mutter threats against some one; on the strength of which he was, on 2d inst., seized by several keepers or deputy-keepers of the State Prison, and by them dragged toward the shower-bath for punishment. It seems that he stood in dire dread of the shower-bath. Like most negroes, he entertained a lively fear of cold. He knew that the water of the shower-bath would be very cold indeed; and, after vainly appealing to the feelings of his captors to release him, he broke away from them and fled—*be it remarked—to the shop where he was in the habit of working.* At the door of the shop a convict arrested him; a keeper and his assistants swiftly followed; he was dragged by main force, and after many violent struggles, to the shower-bath; all the water that was in the tank—amounting to from three to five barrels, the quantity is uncertain—was showered upon him in spite of his piteous cries; a few minutes after his release from the bath he fell prostrate, was carried to his cell, and died in five minutes.

It is this homicide which we this week illustrate.

The use of the shower-bath as a means of coercing criminals into submission to the orders of prison authorities began to be general about the year 1845. In that year a convict at the Auburn State Prison was whipped by order of competent authority, and died under the lash. The public indignation which was aroused by the event led to the abolition of whipping as a punishment in the prisons of the State of New York. It was preserved in other States, as, for instance, in Connecticut, in which State Prison wardens are authorized to this day to administer stripes—not over ten in number—to refractory prisoners. But in New York the cat was disused, and the shower-bath reigned in its stead.

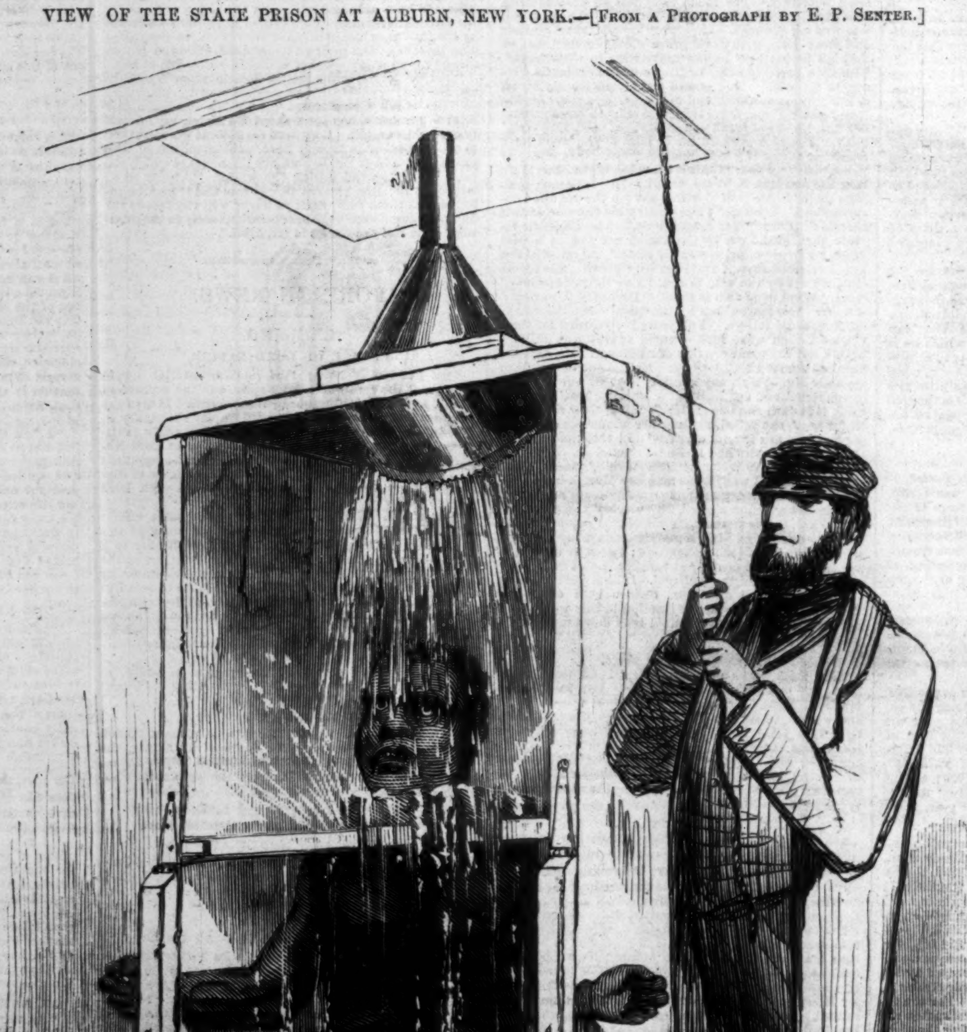
This bath varies in the several penal establishments of this State. In some the culprit stands, and receives the shower in a standing position. In others, as at Auburn, he sits in a chair which reminds one of the old "stocks." His legs and arms are pinioned: his neck fits into a sort of dish, which closes tightly round his throat. As soon as he is fastened therein, a cloth is put into the dish to prevent the water escaping too fast. The string is then pulled, and the stream falls. If the convict does not keep his head well erect, with his mouth as high above water as his position will allow, he will suffocate. Indeed his attitude and the machine are such that he feels perpetually in imminent danger of suffocation. The consequence is that his sole thought while he is under the shower is to keep his mouth and nose above water; and the agony of this effort is aggravated by the fact that his neck, feet, and arms are tightly pinioned. Our illustration will enable the reader to judge of the feelings of the culprit who is adjudged to endure this penalty.

Of course, the severity of the shower-bath as a penal method is proportioned to the character of the victim and the season of the year. In August a shower-bath is no great hardship to a white person, though to a negro accustomed to tropical heat it may be less pleasant. In November no one cares about being placed under a fall of water for many minutes; and least of all a negro, who is far less capable of bearing intense cold than a person of the white race. Very few white men, however robust, would be able to endure a ten minutes' flow of ice-cold water at the present season. The negro More, it seems, was subjected to an incessant stream of water at 32° Fahrenheit for half an hour. It is no matter of wonder that he died of it.

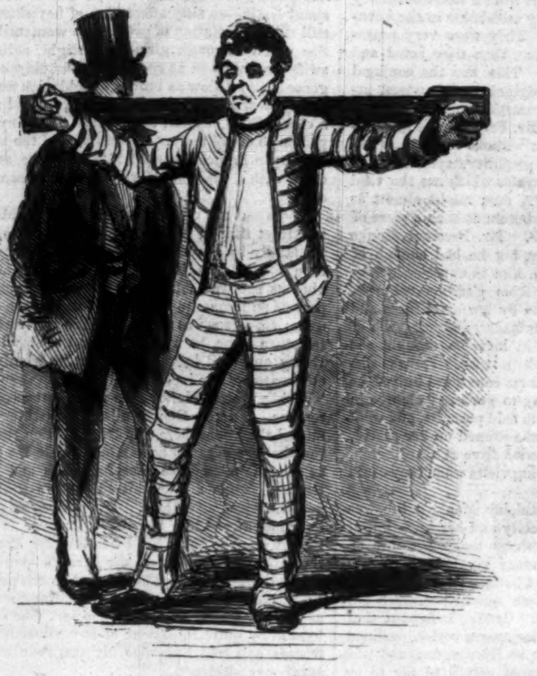
It is clear that some coercive methods must be employed in prisons to reduce culprits to subordination; though, of course, nothing can justify their being murdered by angry keepers. We give illustrations of the various methods which are at present employed in the Auburn and other State prisons for the subjugation of refractory convicts.

One is the pulley. This instrument of torture consists of a system of pulleys connected with rings, which are attached to the wrists of the culprit and to one of his ankles, so that so long as he is under the process his whole weight rests on one leg; the sensation of having his arms raised above his head becomes after a time excruciatingly painful; and, if the punishment be prolonged, it becomes almost intolerable.

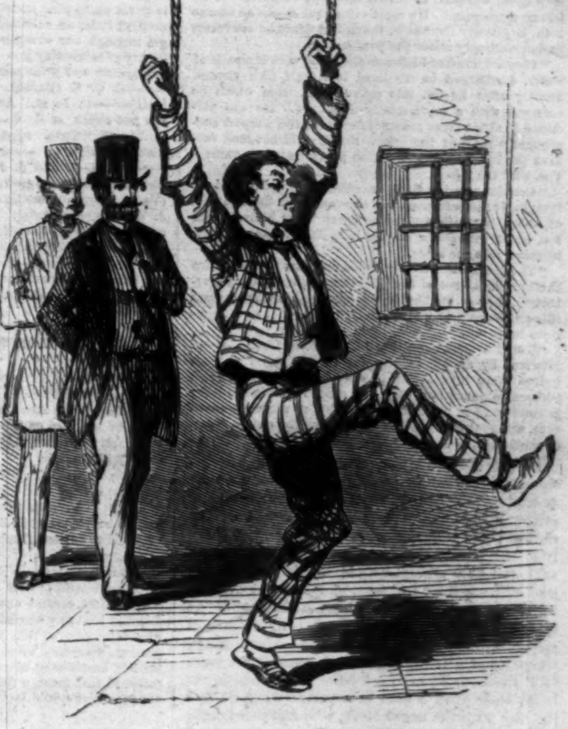
Another method of punishment is bucking. This has long been in use among the negroes in tropical countries. It consists in fastening the hands tightly, passing them over the knees, and thrusting a stout stick between the inside of the knees and the arms. Thus spitted, the



THE NEGRO CONVICT, MORE, SHOWERED TO DEATH.



THE YOKE.



THE PULLEYS.

convict is helpless, and may be rolled about hither or thither, as his rulers please. No evil consequences have ever been known to flow from this punishment.

Another penalty used at the Auburn State Prison is the crown. This is a simple helmet of metal, which is worn over the head. It is unattended by pain, and is rather a badge of disgrace than a method of torture. It may be compared to the fool's cap which is in use in most of our schools.

The yoke is a bar of iron four or five inches wide, and from five to six feet in length, with a staple at either end to fasten the wrists, and one in the centre to encircle the neck. Our engraving will give a very fair idea of the mode in which this punishment is employed. When a culprit is condemned to the yoke, the staples are tightened so that he can not disengage his neck or hands. The pain of the yoke depends on its weight and on the length of time it is worn. They usually vary from thirty-four to forty pounds. A late physician of the Sing Sing prison wrote of the yoke:

"The principal objection to this punishment is that the yoke bears too heavily on the cervical vertebra. Most persons are aware of the unpleasant—and, in fact, insupportable—sensation produced even by the weight of the unbuttoned coat and vest pressing upon the back of the neck. Under the weight of this instrument the convict can not retain the erect posture for even a few minutes consecutively, but is forced to bend forward in his continual writhing, which brings the entire weight of the bar upon the lower cervical vertebra. The arms are generally stretched to their full length, and, from steady tension of the nerves, are benumbed; while the hands turn purple, and at times become much swollen. In several instances I have placed my fingers beneath the yoke, and found the pressure so great that it was actually painful to me."

With regard to the shower-bath, we can not do better than subjoin the following extract from a letter of a late physician of the Auburn State prison, addressed to a Select Committee of the New York State Assembly of 1851:

"The form of the shower-bath is that of the common stocks, with a reservoir of water above it, having a head of fifty-four inches, measuring from the surface of the water to the perforated plate at the end of the discharging-tube. The offender, being stripped of his clothing, is placed in a sitting posture in the stocks, with feet and hands securely fastened, and his head contained in a sort of hopper, the bottom of which encircles his neck so closely that the water will not run off as fast as it can be let on, the water being under the control of the keeper by means of a cord attached to a valve in the bottom of the reservoir. From the perforated plate the water falls about eighteen inches, when it strikes the head of the convict, immovably fixed, thence passing over the whole surface of the body. When the reservoir is full, the force of the blow upon the head is nearly equal to a column of water seventy-two inches in height. This force is somewhat reduced by the intervention of the perforated plate—a late modification in the instrument.

"To the mechanic, who calculates the influence of mere matter upon matter, the power of this column of water must possess considerable importance. But to the physiologist, who can alone judge with any degree of correctness of the influence of a stream, generally at 32° Fahrenheit, falling upon the head and thence covering the whole body, the suffering induced, and danger incurred, must appear momentous in the extreme.

BUCKING.

"In an essay on the employment of water in surgery, by Alphonso Auguste Amussat, of Paris, translated by Professor Frank H. H. Hamilton, Buffalo University, there are some applicable remarks relative to the physiological effects of water.

"'The application of cold water,' he says, 'especially in winter, produces horripilations and shiverings, which continue more or less time. I have lately seen, in one of the hospitals of Paris, a man who had his hand crushed. The surgeon, after having amputated two fingers, submitted the hand to continued irrigations of cold water. The patient assured me that during eight days he experienced constant chills, despite all the means employed to keep him warm.

"'Sanson says he saw a female with whom a superficial burn seemed to indicate cool applications, and who was seized with tetanus soon after their use had been commenced.

"'Goursaud reports a case of Guyenot's, in which having been applied an hour or two upon a strangulated hernia, the hernia was not reduced, and the surgeon, obliged to resort to an operation, found the epiploon frozen.

"'Who will affirm,' says Mr. Richet, 'that the application of a powerful refrigerant upon a large surface will not, by repelling inward upon the viscera the blood which originally abounded upon the diseased part' (and I may add on the surface of the body), 'occasion congestions, and give birth to those complications to which I have alluded? The facts are every where to be seen, and the practitioner ought to profit by them.'

"'I have collected,' says Amussat, 'also several cases of patients who, having been submitted to irrigations with cold water, have suddenly died with some nervous malady.'

"These extracts are made to show how powerful and even dangerous the effects of cold water upon the system are, even when employed by the most experienced hands.

"Most convicts have great dread of this mode of punishment, but as the emotion of fear to the unreflecting mind presents little or no barrier to the commission of crimes having their origin in the emotions, it does not prevent a violation of rules which are in opposition to the instincts; still, when the offender sees the penalty with no hope of escape, this most depressing of the passions augments the danger to which he is about to be exposed. This psychological effect is so great upon some individuals before entering the stocks, and a pallor so deathlike is induced, that the officer on duty dares not subject the offender to this ordeal. I have, in one instance, heard the convict solemnly implore his keeper not to make him an insane man. Who is able to comprehend the condition of mind under such circumstances?

"To illustrate the effects of this mode of punishment, I will cite a few instances.

"Convict number 5066, aged about thirty years, of sanguine nervous temperament, was brought to the hospital in a perfectly unconscious state, and with convulsive twitchings of the muscles. His mouth filled with frothy saliva, no perceptible pulsations in the radial artery, but little external heat, and very imperfect respiration. He had been showered, as I was credibly informed, with about two pails of cold water. His body was rubbed with stimulants and warmly covered with blankets. In about two hours, deglutition was partly restored, when brandy and other stimulants were administered. In four hours after entering the hospital his consciousness returned.

THE CROWN.

"This individual was so nearly destroyed that he had passed into that calm, quiet mental state that immediately precedes death by drowning. He said, that at last he had the delightful sensation of sailing, and then it was all over. He suffered from cramps in his lower extremities for about three months after.

"In this case the entire inability of the keeper to judge of the potency of the punishment was peculiarly manifest. The convict, who was in good health and spirits, presented to him no objection to its application. In matters within his comprehension, this keeper had good judgment, and, withal, was of a humane disposition, but of either the temperament or idiosyncrasy of the convict he knew nothing, and consequently was incapable of wielding judiciously a means so powerful.

"In my presence, convict number 5458 was showered with one and a half barrels of water. During the operation the muscles of the chest and abdomen were severally exercised. When taken out of the stocks, his skin was cold and shriveled; there was no perceptible pulsation in the temporal or radial arteries, and he complained of severe cephalalgy. He was showered as long as the officer on duty dared to continue it. He made no acknowledgment of his fault, and, in my opinion, would not have concluded to do so until it was too late to be able to accomplish it. This convict possessed a nervous bilious temperament, which is known to resist to the utmost every means employed to render its possessor subservient to the will of others.

"In this instance the keeper did not desist from any unfavorable appearances, but because, as he remarked, he had applied as much water as he thought safe. To the physiologist, however, the physical condition thus induced must appear to be of the most serious character. Had the punishment been continued much longer, there would, in all probability, have resulted organic lesion from internal congestion.

"Convict number 5507 was showered with two and a half barrels of water. This punishment I did not witness, but from the observation of the keeper, that 'the water ran off him as it would from a duck, without his feeling it,' I was induced to interrogate the convict myself. To my inquiries, he replied that he would have died before acknowledging any thing. He said the water made his head ache; that he felt cold, and that his flesh had the sensation of being asleep. His temperament was nervous bilious, the bilious predominating.

"Convict number 4565, aged 38 years, of sanguine nervous temperament, and in good health, was showered with three pails of cold water. He was taken from the stocks in convulsions, which lasted some thirty minutes, when he was conveyed to the hospital. When I saw him, about an hour afterward, he had congestion of the brain, accompanied with severe cephalalgy; was laboring under great derangement of mind, and recollected but little of what had transpired. He said he had been struck on his head, but there were no external signs of violence. He was bled thirty ounces, and took a cathartic potion. The venesection partly relieved the pain, but not the derangement. The cathartic operated freely, and on the following morning his mind was apparently clear, but his head still ached. He said he felt as though his head was 'bound with a band of iron.' Under the use of blisters, after several days, the pain and constriction gradually subsided.

"Convict number 4959 was showered previous to my connection with the Prison. He told me that while in

EXTERIOR OF A CONVICT'S CELL.

INTERIOR OF A CONVICT'S CELL.

the stocks 'his head ached as though it would certainly split open, when all at once it suddenly stopped, and he felt no more pain.' He came out of the stocks an insane man, hopelessly incurable, though at times he converses understandingly about the punishment.

"Convict number 5669 was showered with six pails of water, discharged on his head in a half inch stream. Shortly after he fell into convulsions, from which he emerged with a mind totally destroyed. He was pardoned in about three months afterward, and a report subsequently reached the prison that he did not long survive the injury. This occurred previous to my connection with the prison.

"Convict number 5446, seventeen years old, and of lymphatic temperament, was showered with three barrels of water, but with little or no effect, as he himself told me, which shows how useless it is, as a means of punishment, in some cases.

"The instances I have selected for your reflection are the extremes—not of everyday occurrence—but, nevertheless, they go to show how inappropriate it is to place this punishment in hands totally inadequate to comprehend its power.

"The frequent repetition of the shower-bath—I was informed by an officer who for several years had acquired more information in regard to its effects, from personal observation, than any other individual in the prison—renders the convict less able to resist its influence, and that after several applications it required greater caution in its use."

In spite of these lessons the shower-bath has continued to be commonly employed in our prisons, as well at Sing Sing as at Auburn. At the former prison a hose is occasionally substituted for the shower; and it has at times been applied so closely to the face of the patient that, simultaneously with the flow of water upon the face, blood has gushed from the nose, ears, and mouth. At Auburn it is believed the hose has not been used. At the same time it is quite clear that, under certain circumstances, the flow of ice-cold water through the pores of a shower-bath may prove even more fatal than a flood from a hose. When the shower is let loose upon a man in a perspiration, as was the case with the negro More, who had just fought might and main with his keepers, the shower of ice-cold water could not but be highly dangerous.

Mr. Pilsbury, the experienced warden of Ward's Island, who has been upward of thirty years engaged in the administration of prisons in this section of country, has been heard to declare that he has never found it necessary to administer any corporeal punishment whatever to his convicts. It is believed that he regards the cat, under proper guidance, as the wholesomest instrument of coercion, but he has never needed even that ally; and it must be admitted that he has had more experience than any of our prison managers.

The chief error in the management of our State prisons arises from the liberty which subordinates enjoy in the matter of punishments. Subordinate prison officials are appointed on political grounds by Prison Inspectors, themselves creatures of party political conventions. They are seldom men of character, experience, or education. Not unfrequently they are jail birds, who have acquired their claim to their appointments by shoulder-hitting. The late homicide at Auburn appears to be a natural result of this system. The man More was murdered simply because the punishment he endured was inflicted by subordinates who understood little or nothing about prison discipline, and were animated more by momentary rage than by a philosophical desire to have the prison regulations carried out. They killed him because he resisted and seemed to have threatened them. A judicious warden would have subdued him without difficulty.

All that remains now to be done is the duty of the District Attorney. An inquest has been held on the body of the negro. Eight men composed the jury, six of whom are said to have been prison contractors. They refused to allow the prison physician to deliver his evidence, as he wished; and found the absurd verdict that the man's death had been "hastened" by the use of the shower-bath. It is clear that if any notice is to be taken of this poor convict's death the District Attorney must move in the matter. It remains to be seen whether he will do so; or whether the civilization of the State of New York is to be disgraced by the torture and homicide, by State officials, of a poor convict in a State prison.

CHESS CHRONICLE.

BY C. H. STANLEY.

PROBLEM IX.

BY "JACOBUS."

BLACK.

WHITE.

White to play and checkmate in four moves.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. F. M. (Boston). Your solution to "Gedrea's" very beautiful Problem is quite correct; as also are those of Dr. R., J. B. K., D. T., S. M., and J. K. Very many unsuccessful attempts are to hand, including those of C. T., L. R., G. T., and C. M. We find that our friends, generally, agree with us in the opinion that this position is among the best of its class which has ever been published.——"Dunedin." Do you think that your last is quite up to your usual standard? Our examiner has marked it for an *enigma;* and, as we must endeavor to get through our correspondence somehow, we take the liberty of so treating it.——"Jacobus." We give you a *diagram*, and print your other position as an *enigma*.——R. C. S. (Yazoo). Received, and replied to by mail.——R. F. M. An error in your transcript. Q can not check at Kt 6.——G. B. L. (Beverley Chess Club) and "Trio" appear to have sent no solutions, without which we never examine such contributions.——G. L. B. and J. P. M. do not send diagrams—likewise a necessary ground for inattention.——R. E. N. (Va.). Diagram sent too difficult of interpretation.——J. W., Jun. (Syracuse). Problems neat but not quite of sufficient depth.——H. F. B. (Philadelphia). Game well played, but not of sufficient general interest to warrant publication.——[Some contributions yet remain in the hands of our examiner. He will accept our thanks for his assistance so far. He promises a farther report next week.]

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM VIII.

White.	Black.
1. Kt to Q 5	Q to Kt 5 (ch)
2. Kt interposes checkmate.	

In place of the above move, should Black take Kt with King, he is mated on the move by "Kt to B 6." Should he adopt any other variation the counter move will be readily discernible.

Problem VII.—In this beautiful emanation of Mr. S. Loyd we believe that, for the first time, he will be found in error. To render the position perfect a White Pawn should be placed at K B 3. For this correction we are indebted to our contributor Dr. R., of Philadelphia.

Chess Enigmas.—With respect to the various methods of Chess notation which have at sundry times been introduced, after careful examination we are by no means satisfied that any one has sufficient merit to warrant the discontinuance of that in more common use. For the present, therefore, we shall adhere to that which will be readily understood by all readers; and now proceed to print, in that form, a few positions which our space will not permit of exhibiting upon the usual diagram.

ENIGMA I.

BY "DUNEDIN."

White to play and checkmate in three moves.

White.—K at Q 3. B's at K 3 and Q 7. Kt's at K 4 and K 8. P's at Q Kt 3, Q Kt 5, and K Kt 4.
Black.—K at Q 4. B at K B 2. P's at K R 5, K Kt 2 and 4, K 3, Q 3, and Q B 4.

ENIGMA II.

BY "JACOBUS."

White to play and checkmate in three moves.

White.—K at Q B 2. R at Q R. Kt at K B 5. B at Q 8. P's at K B 3, Q B 3, and Q Kt 4.
Black.—K at Q B 5. P's at Q R 2 and 3.

The following well-contested and highly-instructive game was lately played in London between Herr Falkbeer and a young Englishman named Campbell, who promises, ere long, to take a high position among the first players of the day.

	White, *Falkbeer.*	Black, *Campbell,*
1.	P to K 4	P to K 3
2.	P to Q 4	P to Q 4
3.	P takes P	P takes P
4.	Kt to K B 3	Kt to K B 3
5.	B to Q 3	B to Q 3
6.	B to K Kt 5	P to K R 3
7.	B to K R 4	Kt to Q B 3
8.	P to Q B 3	B to K 3
9.	Castles	P to K Kt 4
10.	B to K Kt 3	Kt to K 5
11.	B takes B	Kt takes B
12.	R to K	P to K Kt 5
13.	Kt to K 5	Kt takes Kt
14.	R takes Kt	Q to K B 3 (a)
15.	Q to Q R 4 (ch)	K to K B
16.	Kt to Q 2	P to Q R 3 (b)
17.	Q R to K	P to K R 4
18.	Q to Q	P to K R 5
19.	P to K B 4	R to K (c)
20.	P to K B 5	B takes P
21.	B takes B	R takes R
22.	P takes R	Q takes B
23.	P takes Kt	P takes P
24.	Q to K 2	R to K R 3
25.	Q to K 7 (ch)	K to Kt 2
26.	R to K B	Q ta K R 4
27.	Kt to Q Kt 3	R to K 3
28.	Q takes Kt P	P to K R 6
29.	Kt to Q 4	R to K B 3
30.	Q takes Q R P	P to K Kt 6 (d)
31.	P takes Kt P	P takes P
32.	K takes P	

White wins.

Notes.

(a) Up to this period both opening and defense have been conducted with great care and spirit; but about this move there is room to cavil. We think that either "K to Q 2" or "Q to Q 2," particularly the latter, would have at least equal merit.

(b) Mr. Falkbeer considers, and we doubt not justly, that "P to Q B 4" would have been better play.

(c) To take "K B P," *en pass.*, would be hazardous in the extreme.

(d) Probably with the hope of drawing the game by perpetual check; but against such contingency his wily antagonist is well prepared.

THE HEIR OF HARDINGTON.

CHAPTER I.

When Sir Willoughby Monke, of Hardington and Frogholmes, died, he left two daughters—coheiresses. The estates, each lying in a different county, were not to be dismembered for equal division, but to be drawn by lot according to his will.

Cecily, the elder daughter, got Hardington, in Yorkshire; Frogholmes, left to Eliza, the younger, was in the Fens of Lincolnshire. Within eighteen months of their father's death both the heiresses married, bestowing name and fortune on their respective husbands, for the name of Monke was to go always with the property, which was strictly entailed on any children that the sisters might bear. The marriages were equally discreet and commonplace. Mr. Percival and Mr. Cholmondeley became Monkes without hesitation, and entered on the regency of their wives' estates with sedate satisfaction and the general good opinion of their neighbors. Their known wealth notwithstanding, the sisters had never been popular or much sought after.

They were plain young women; short and inelegant in figure, and with ordinary blunt features, small eyes, scanty light hair, and indifferent complexions. They had received narrow educations even for that time, and had no natural enlargement of mind to make up for defects of training. They had, however, a few decided opinions; among which were these: Hardington and Frogholmes were the finest estates in the kingdom; Monke was the most distinguished name in the red books; Cecily and Eliza Monke were the most to be envied of all the heiresses in the whole wide world. With such sublime and happy views of themselves and their belongings the sisters could not fail to be reasonably amiable; apart from a stolid obstinacy in the elder, and a craving selfishness in the younger, they were amiable. They were very peaceable wives in a house, but then they ruled and their husbands obeyed. This was the conjugal arrangement from the beginning—the wisest arrangement under the circumstances.

When Cecily married Mr. Percival she was seven-and-twenty; a woman without romance, without tenderness, without geniality, sympathy, or any of the little lovable traits which are the vital breath of domestic life. A man might almost as well take a stone into his bosom as such a piece of animated clay for a wife. Mr. Percival Monke was not a great character, but he had enough of the leaven of humanity in him to experience very considerable annoyance from Cecily's coldness. He had been rather taken by her orderliness and system, by her care of her father, and her pride of station, and though not in love, he thought she would make him a suitable partner. He was disappointed; but a few failures convinced him of the fruitlessness of attempting to work any change in her, so he betook himself to field pursuits, and went often from home, while she droned on her placid, self-concentrated way, buried alive at Hardington, neither receiving nor paying visits when they could be avoided.

Mr. and Mrs. Cholmondeley Monke's life was not unlike that led by Cecily and her husband, at first; but afterward, perhaps under pressure of boredom, perhaps from more vivacity of temper and less principle, Mr. Cholmondeley broke out into certain excesses which speedily cramped the revenues of Frogholmes. Cecily, indignant that Eliza had not governed her spouse better, declined to receive either of them at Hardington, and was as glad as her temperament permitted her to be when they forsook the Fens and went to live abroad.

For several years neither sister bore children; but, at last, Eliza wrote to announce a daughter, and in reply Cecily sent word that, three months before, she had blessed Hardington with a son and heir.

CHAPTER II.

The Heir of Hardington. Lord of the Manor of Hardington. Francis George Percival Monke, Lord of the Manor of Hardington.

Such was his mother's view of the wizened, monkey-faced boy she had brought into the world. Never "my baby," "my poor little weakling baby," never "joy, or love, or pet, or pride, or delight," but always Heir of Hardington, Lord of the Manor of Hardington—representative of so many acres and so much money, and so many neglected responsibilities.

Poor little Francis George Percival Monke! How he was doctored, and iron-framed, and mother-tutored, and private-tutored, and padded and bolstered, and bepraised! No baby of any sagacity but would have made haste to die under such an ordeal, even had it been preparatory to the inheritance of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. But Francis George, being a dull boy, lived through it, and at twelve years old was about as foolish, as conceited, and as helpless a lad as the race of Monke ever produced. By that time he had outgrown the iron frame, and could walk straight on his feeble limbs; he could also repeat every particular of the estate he was to inherit—tell you its value under the old leases, and what it might be made to produce when the said leases fell in; and also he could exact reverence to himself from tenant and servant as their master in embryo. His father said he was a fool.

There was a grain of good in him, of course, as there is in every heart, God-planted, until the devil-sown tares of the world spring up to choke it. He would not inflict pain, and was sorry to see pain; he was kind to animals; he was not ungenerous; and he worshiped his mother. She never caressed him—never indulged him. "You ought to do this," "You must learn to do that," "Such and such honor is your due and your right," were speeches constantly on her lips, though never accompanied with an incitement to any high or noble rule of life. If she had lost him she would have grieved for him as the lost heir of Hardington, not as her one child whose birth-pangs had almost cost her life.

She taught him her notion of the duties of property practically; and as her notion was how to get most money out of it, and how to put the least into it, his views did not become very liberal or extended. For him there was a sermon in each stone of the village of Hardington—a village not pretty by any means, nor well-ordered, nor well-moraled, nor well-mannered, but still quite good enough for Mrs. Percival Monke so long as the cottagers were punctual with their rent.

CHAPTER III.

There is no knowing into what depths of stultified folly the lad might have meandered but for a lucky accident that befell him when he was about sixteen. He was riding an ill-broken pony through the village of Grenside, when it took fright and ran away with him, threw him, and broke his arm. The youth was picked up and carried into the house of the curate of the parish, whose wife put him to bed, and sent for his mother and the doctor. The doctor came and set the limb, and his mother came to nurse him; but finding her own comforts restricted in the curate's abode, she soon left him to recover without her attendance. She acted advisedly; Francis George could not have been in better hands.

Mr. Proby was a plain, steady-going, worthy clergyman, and his wife was an excellent woman; a woman of talent and education, of enthusiasm and genuine warm-heartedness. Cur[illegible] Proby had a house full of children—hearty, noisy, generous, mischievous boys, and laughter-loving, pretty girls. All the family were good-looking; but Katie was a real beauty, a copy of her mother—nearly, if not quite, as handsome as her mother had been at the same age. There was no nonsense about Katie—no silly affectation of boyishness, no still sillier affectation of premature womanishness. She was a thorough girl—tall, slight, agile—as swift a runner, and as good a climber, skipper, and general play-fellow as brothers could wish for; and yet she was an adept at her needle, a good nurse, a clever little scholar, and a most sunshiny companion to every body. A great part of the attendance upon Francis George fell to her share, and she did it with a cheerful alacrity and kindness all her own.

There was not much about the young gentleman to attract liking; he did not become a favorite in the family by any means; the smaller Proby children disliked him, in fact; and even their mother, kind as she was, found him too exacting and imperious an inmate to be civil to longer than necessary: so, as soon as he was sufficiently recovered to return home, he was not pressed to stay longer. Every one took leave of him rather gladly than otherwise—Katie included.

Going back to Hardington was a return to polar regions. Francis George missed something. He missed the atmosphere of warm affection that surrounded the curate's hearth, and made his family as one; he missed the cheerful voices and laughter, and, above all, he missed Katie's smile and good-humored attentions. His mother was like a machine, after those impulsive Probys. Francis George tried to thaw her by telling her stories of the ways and customs of the curate's house; but he might as easily have hoped to thaw the old stone griffins at Hardington gate by breathing on them as to thaw her by any such process. She became by-and-by quite impatient of any allusion to his friends, and told him that his gratitude was absurdly overstretched.

Yes; Francis George had a fund of obstinate, pertinacious, unforgetting gratitude in his disposition, which this lucky accident developed. It was the nearest approach to any decided virtue that he had yet displayed. His father and mother had insisted on compensating Mrs. Proby for the trouble and expense of their son's recovery, but Francis George could not be persuaded to look upon it as a canceling of his debt. He turned his pony's head toward Grenside nearly every day, and inquired after the health of the Probys, as if, instead of being a hardy race, they were a family of chronic invalids. Katie used to go out to the gate, laughing, to answer his questions and receive his messages; and one day, with a fiery blush on his face and a nervous stammer in his voice, he told her he had brought her a little present.

"You must not let my mother know; but I spent all my quarter over it," said he, in a hurried whisper, trying to put a morocco case into her hands; but Katie, clasping those little members behind her back, shook her head in a resolute way, and said she must not accept presents from him; papa would not like it—especially if Mrs. Percival Monke did not know.

"Oh! but do, Katie! I should never have bought it but for you. It is a watch and chain!" persisted he, with anxious earnestness. In the first place, it had cost him an immense effort of self-denial to make the purchase at all; and in the second, he had been full a month in raising up his courage to offer it. It was cruel indeed to reject it, and his "Do, Katie!" was most pathetic.

"No, no, no!" she replied; "you ought not to have spent your money in such a foolish way."

"It is not foolish. Look here, Katie! I like you better than any body in the world, except my mother: that I do! You're so good!"

Katie ran away laughing, with her hands over her ears; the more he called to her to stop, the more she would not.

"Katie, if you won't have it I'll throw it into the mill-dyke!" he cried at last; and as she still paid no heed, he turned round toward home, and was as good or as bad as his word.

For more than a week after this rebuff he did not appear at Grenside at all. He was apparently offended by Katie's very proper refusal of his gift. She had told her mother the whole story—the threat about the mill-dyke included—but neither believed he would be so wild as to put it in execution; so that, when one of the Proby boys came home exultant, with the morocco case in his hand, proclaiming that he had found it among the long reeds on the bank, they were unfeignedly surprised. They had not given Francis George credit for so much spirit, and both of them liked him the better for this foolish extravagant flight. Katie, by her father's orders, even wrote him a kind little letter, when the watch was sent back to him.

The next day he came to see them again, making no allusion either to the watch or to his long absence, and then regularly resumed his calls with active constancy. The Probys, one and all, were very kind to him; but oh! what foolish speeches he used to make about his property, his dignity, and himself! How he did bore poor Katie and her mother over their work-table, when he tangled every reel, and disordered every box and basket that came within his reach. He had a stupid tutor at home, who taught him a little Latin and Greek, but left him as ignorant of commonplace useful knowledge as a Feejee Islander. If you had asked him where America was, whether it was land or water or cream-cheese, he could not have told you.

It was an awful shock to the heir of Hardington when, a long time after, he offered his hand, his heart, and his futurity to the poor curate's daughter, and was refused. He was in real, hard earnest, poor long-limbed, feeble-minded fellow; and when Katie blushed rather angrily, and said "No," in a curt, unmistakable tone, the tears fairly came into his eyes.

"I thought you liked me, [illegible], haven't I been [illegible]? You don't know, I can't

tell you how fond I am of you! I'd do any thing for you, Katie, that I would! My mother knows I would," spluttered he, with frightful energy.

"I'm so sorry, Francis George, I am so very sorry," replied Katie, a little frightened and subdued.

"It is of no use to be sorry; if you don't like me, you can't help it, and I don't care what becomes of me if you don't. But it is too bad. I could not have believed it!" This anti-climax to his emotion almost made Katie smile; but, checking the impulse, she pretended to hear her mother calling to her, and left her discomfited suitor alone.

Francis George Percival Monke was only nineteen when he thus exhibited himself, and had never left his mother's apron-strings for a single day.

CHAPTER IV.

MR. AND MRS. CHOLMONDELEY MONKE continued to reside abroad, in more or less discomfort, until their daughter was of an age to be introduced into society, and then they brought her home to England, and, at her aunt's invitation, to Hardington. The two sisters had made a compact for the reunion of their family property by marrying their children; and each was formally told of this compact before they met. Francis George received the announcement in solemn silence, and Flora received it with an expressive giggle and a hope that her cousin was handsome and lively, and not mopish, like so many of the English gentlemen she had seen abroad.

Flora Monke had no hereditary right to be pretty, but she was pretty, even beautiful; and her foreign manners and graces had the air of making her still prettier than she was. Her aunt received her with surly approbation, and Francis George with a stolid composure which did not promise any keen susceptibility to her charms. She was piqued, and told her mother he was an idiot.

If Flora expected to be courted, and flattered, and worshiped by her cousin, she must have been disappointed, for he kept as much out of her way as ever he could, and never said a civil thing to her; a peculiarity for which his mother took him to task one morning when they were alone. She still treated her son as authoritatively as when he was a boy in tunics.

"Francis George, you are a dull wooer," she said, with slow sarcasm; "Flora can not be very proud of you."

"I don't like Flora," replied Francis George, gravely.

"But you must learn to like her, since she is to be your wife—"

"Mother, if Flora Monke was the only woman left in the world I would not marry her. I don't like her."

Mrs. Percival Monke grew red all over her dull gray face. This was the first word of rebellion and contradiction she had ever heard from her son since he was born; and if he had struck her she could not have looked more indignant or surprised.

"Francis George Percival Monke!" she cried, with strangled, choking dignity, "do you know who I am and who you are?"

The young man quaked visibly at her awful voice, but the stolid resolution of his visage did not relax a muscle. He was to the full as obstinate as his mother, and when they clashed on a subject—when each was equally determined—then began the tug of war.

"Yes, mother; I am heir of Hardington, lord of the manor of Hardington," said he, in that formula which had been dinned into his ears so long. It made his mother laugh; for, at this moment, it sounded ridiculous enough.

"Deplume you of those distinctions, Sir, and do you know what you are then?" said she, bitterly.

"My father says I am a fool," replied Francis George; "other people are of a like opinion—"

"Not such a fool as they take you to be," said his mother. "You have as much sense as nine men in ten if you will use it, and you must use it now in overcoming your absurd aversion to your cousin Flora. I say you shall marry her—and soon, too!"

"And I say I will not! I am almost of age, and I shall be my own master in that matter at least."

The young man spoke quietly but firmly. His mother, looking up at his face, felt the reins of authority slipping from her grasp. Her weak, awkward, foolish boy was, as it were, become a man by magic. There he stood before her, six feet two, lean but sinewy, a face far from vacuous; expressive, indeed, of a brute courage and obstinacy which, being provoked, would never slumber again. But for his foolish training he would have been a fine young man; as it was, he had not active mind enough to inform that mass of matter. The old habit of love and fear of his mother was strong upon him yet; she saw it, and hoped to triumph still.

"You ought to be glad that Flora will have you," she said, "and you ought to have a pleasure in reuniting our dissevered property. If you do not marry Flora, you may be your own master, but you shall not be master of any thing else while I live, and when I die you shall have nothing but the bare estate; that I promise you."

"I don't care for Hardington. I don't see any good it has ever done either you or my father or me. I think it is a miserable place," replied Francis George, in perfect good faith.

His mother's eyes fixed him as if she thought him a maniac in a dangerous mood.

"Will you be pleased to explain yourself, if you are not raving; which I sadly suspect," said she, fiercely.

"Why, mother, what good has it done us or any body?" persisted the heir. "My father is always away in London, and hates it. You sit at work all day as hard as if you worked for bread, and nobody comes near you; and, because of it, you would make me marry a girl I don't love. Then there's the village. Such dirty old houses and people, and no schools. If we were paupers instead of people of ten thousand a year, we could not have a greater heap of misery outside the gates than we have. What is the good of the Hardington money if we don't spend it? I say again, I don't care for Hardington. Mr. Proby's sons are better off than I am; because they have been well brought up and they have got professions. When I am among fellows of my age I feel like a fool, and I am a fool."

"That is a fact beyond doubt," replied his mother, dryly. "But don't waste any more breath over decrying Hardington—you shall leave it—you shall have a profession. Yes! yes! you shall be an idle gentleman no longer!"

There was a disagreeable tone in this threat which made Francis George turn hot and cold all over. It was a rather critical act of his, this sudden snapping of the leading strings in which he had walked so long and humbly. He felt vexed, too, in a stupid sort of way, at having vexed his mother, and was just on the point of making some concession when Flora came into the room—Flora in a gay muslin dress and most coquettish hat; a maiden to attract a man's fancy, most people would have thought, but, as it seemed, not the star that could attract his.

"Flora, our young gentleman takes umbrage at the gifts of fortune, and despises them—heroic, is he not?" said Mrs. Percival Monke.

Flora glanced from one to the other with a puzzled air, and asked what was the matter? Francis George went out and left his mother to explain as little or as much as she thought desirable. The consequence of her explanation was, that the Hardington Monkes and the Frogholmes Monkes separated coldly the next day, and Flora went to prosecute her first campaign in town. Francis George did not care where she went, so long as he was no more troubled with her airs and graces.

CHAPTER V.

THE lawyer who managed the business affairs of the Monkes was Mr. Leatherhead; a dry, clever, craft-ingrained old fellow, who greatly admired the elder of the co-heiresses' style of saving and managing her property. He said she had a brain as acute and as hard as most men, and it was a pity her son was so little like her. He thought he knew her pretty well, but even he, for a man of varied experience, was extremely astonished when he received from her the following letter:

"HARDINGTON, *June* 7, 18—.

"SIR,—I am sure you will lend me your valuable assistance in a project for my son which I have much at heart. He is bitten by some of these radical views for the regeneration of the poor which are subverting society in every quarter, and I think a year's confinement in your office may tend more toward his cure than all the reasoning in the world. Make him work as your lowest clerk, and show him no respect or distinction, as that would defeat my views. He shall have no farther allowance from me than a clerk's salary at a low rate, and I intend that he should live upon it. The harder he fares, the more likely is he to become sensible of his folly in adopting the philanthropic crotchets of the age. Until he gives them up, I quite renounce him. He will be in town, and at your office, on Thursday next.

"Yours, etc., CECILY P. MONKE."

"Ah! ah!" commented the shrewd old lawyer; "Miss Cecily's plan for uniting Hardington and Frogholmes has gone off—that's the true interpretation of this document. What tyrants women are! Well! I suppose I must try to humor both."

Thus it was that Francis George Percival Monke, heir of Hardington, lord of the manor of Hardington, became a lawyer's clerk. His mother thought he would soon sicken of London lodgings and Mr. Leatherhead's sedentary work; but, contrary to her expectations, and even to her hopes, he accommodated himself to his new position with cheerfulness and alacrity. He made a friend among his fellow-clerks in the person of young Willie Proby, and the pair took rooms in the same house, and lived together like brothers.

"Francis George is no fool!" said old Leatherhead to himself. "He is a better fellow, and a more sensible fellow than any of us thought. It is that silly mother of his who has had her own ends to serve by keeping him in the background."

Yes. Francis George began to develop a plain, useful kind of ability; he had no genius, but he had concentrativeness, and a very straightforward honesty of purpose. He had grown painfully sensible of his deficiencies, and it was almost laughable to see with what diligence he strove to repair them in his leisure evenings. The manuals of popular information that he read, the lists of sober facts that he committed to memory, the instructive lectures that he attended, are beyond the calculation of his biographer. Odds and ends of his undigested miscellaneous knowledge were continually bursting from him, like scraps from an over full rag-bag, to the sly and secret amusement of his companions. Not one of them cared to laugh at him outright; for his good temper made him liked, and his romantic circumstances made him admired.

For six months he remained in the lawyer's office, greatly improving both in mind and manner, as the conceit of himself was rubbed out of him by intimate contact with other young fellows wiser and cleverer than he. Then the question was proposed to him, whether he was willing to accede to his mother's wishes, and return home. But Francis George had not tasted the sweets of liberty in vain; he wrote an affectionately respectful letter to his mother, telling her he preferred to remain in London—in which decision his father secretly upheld him. Mrs. Percival Monke now began to lament her hasty banishment of her son, and would have been glad to recall him on almost any terms; but she was much too tenacious of her maternal authority to stoop to him and say so, therefore the breach between them widened. The sudden marriage of Flora Monke with a penniless ensign, utterly overthrowing her design for the reunion of Hardington and Frogholmes, exasperated her still more against her son; and, in the first bitterness of her disappointment, she indited to him the following letter:

"HARDINGTON, *March* 12, 18—.

"FRANCIS GEORGE,—You must have heard of your cousin Flora's elopement with Frederick Steele: thus you are answerable for her ruin as well as your own. I throw you off entirely now. You have acted the part of an undutiful and ungrateful son. You have taken from me the sole object for which I lived. Hardington and Frogholmes can never again be one; and you, cruel, indifferent, wicked, unworthy boy, are the sole cause. You need not trouble yourself to send me any more of your ill-spelled protestations of affection: I believe in deeds, not in words. From this day forth your existence is nothing to me. You must have Hardington when I die; but while I live, not a single sixpence shall you have. You may live where and how you can; and the worst wish I wish you is, that if you live to have children of your own, they may wring your dearest feelings as cruelly as you have wrung mine. And so, [illegible],

[illegible] injured and aggrieved mother,

"CECILY PERCIVAL MONKE."

Francis George showed the letter to his father; who only shrugged his shoulders, and wished his wife would give him his full discharge from Hardington also, though without curtailing his supplies; but the young man dutifully endeavored to soften her feelings toward him, and his failure was not chargeable on him.

"Woman's a riddle, indeed!" cried old Leatherhead, when his client wrote to him that she should henceforward stop her son's allowance, and that he must maintain himself independently of her. "Woman's not always a pleasant riddle either!"

Francis George would have had no difficulty in raising money on his expectations had he been so disposed; but, as old Leatherhead advised him not, and gave him a reasonably liberal salary, he resigned himself without difficulty to his fate: resigned himself all the more readily, because Mr. Proby had got a living a few miles from town, and had brought his family to reside there. Willie went down every Saturday and staid until Monday, and Francis George always made him discourse about his father and mother, his sisters and brothers, when he came back, until Willie was tired of the subject.

"Come down and see them yourself. I'm sure you will be welcome," Willie suggested, one day; and without any more formal invitation Francis George went.

CHAPTER VI.

WILLINGHAM PARSONAGE was a pretty spot, quite rural, though almost within sight of London smoke, and the young Probys flourished there quite as well as they had ever done in the wilds of Yorkshire—almost better. Katie happened to be in the garden cutting flowers for the drawing-room vases, when her brother and Francis George arrived. She colored up as beautifully as the roses in her hand when her former lover bowed low before her, and immediately proposed to go and seek her mother; as no one gainsayed her, away she flew. Mrs. Proby was sitting in her work-room when her daughter ran in, laughing, but confused, with mischievous eyes and flushed cheeks.

"Mamma, guess whom Willie has brought home! I was never so startled in my life," she cried, out of breath; "and I never saw any body so changed in a couple of years before!"

Mamma lowered her spectacles and looked out of the window, where she saw her son and his companion walking.

"Is it Francis George Percival Monke, Katie?" she asked, puzzled.

"Yes, mamma, and so altered. Don't you remember how foolish he was, and how we used to laugh at him?"

"Hush, my dear, the window is open, and he may hear you. I must go down and receive him; but Willie should have let us know. The best room must be got ready for him, I suppose;" and Mrs. Proby laid aside spectacles and thimble, and went down stairs to welcome her son's friend.

When Katie followed her, about ten minutes after, it was in as sedate and composed a manner as she was capable of assuming on short notice; but she could not prevent a bright and rosy maidenly consciousness flickering in eye and cheek as she faced Francis George. He blushed, too, and stammered a little when he began to speak, exactly in his old way; which put her at her ease more than any thing else could have done. He was very anxious to appear to his best advantage before her, and to impress her with a worthier opinion of his sense than she used to have. He began to epitomize a very solid lecture that he had heard a few evenings before. He ought to have understood the smile that curled about her pretty mouth better than he did. Sharp-witted Katie understood him well enough, and kind-hearted Katie did not fail to encourage him to shine to the utmost; but she thought his subject rather of the gravest to introduce five minutes after they met.

"You are becoming quite a scientific character, Francis George," was Papa Proby's observation at dinner, when the young gentleman had made what he thought a very impressive display of his new learning. "It is really creditable to you to have acquired so much solid information."

Francis George felt so pleased, and glanced at Katie to see if he had elicited her approbation also. Katie smiled to conceal her temptation to laugh, and he was delighted. Most fluent did he become on every subject of interest in which he was sufficiently well up to speak correctly. Pictures, books of travels and biography, of poetry and romance, took their turn, until, if there was a doubt about what he knew, it was a doubt whether he did not know too much. Katie would have been glad to hear him discourse on everyday matters, but Francis George, with an old reputation to destroy and a new one to create, was not to be beguiled into trivialities. When he left Willingham early on Monday morning with Willie Proby, he left it in the pleasing consciousness that he had inspired every body with respect for his learning.

"A well-informed young man," Mrs. Proby gravely admitted him to be.

"Not so dull as he was, either," said Katie.

"Out of evil good has come," observed the clergyman. "His banishment from Hardington turns out to be very beneficial."

"But it is a great shame, papa!" cried Mistress Katie, firing up and looking very pretty; "a great shame that his mother should have quarreled with him because he would not marry Flora Monke: it would have been strange if he had liked her, I think, such a sarcastic girl as she was, and a flirt besides!"

Papa Proby lifted his eyebrows, a little amazed at his daughter's decision of speech; and Katie, conscious that she had spoken rather harshly, blushed and became silent.

Francis George became a constant visitor at Willingham after this, and strove laboriously to win golden opinions from all the family. If his heavy talk bored them a little sometimes, they tried to forgive it; and, by-and-by, Katie could have offered evidence that he was capable of more interesting discourse when he had her ear alone. In the garden, for instance, up and down the pear-tree walk, does any body think that while Francis George was speaking with so much whispered earnestness to Katie's curls, that he was holding forth on interesting geological speculations? Would any body credit that while Katie contemplated her shoe-toe so steadily, when they paused under the old yews, that she was meditating on the revolutions of heavenly bodies? Or does any body imagine for a moment that when they sat so long in the little summer-house, they were trying to square the circle, or discussing the secret of perpetual motion? If any body does, any body is much mistaken.

"I think, mamma, I should be very happy with him," said Mistress Katie one day at her mother's knee. There had been an interview in Papa Proby's study, and much talk, even more serious than scientific talk, and the daughter was making her confession. "I think, mamma, I should be very happy with him. I am sure he is very fond of me. He is a good, faithful fellow, mamma, or he would never have sought me out again, when he knows how I used to make fun of him, would he?"

Mamma dare not undertake to say. "Katie must judge for herself," she added; "Katie was most capable of judging."

"But you think him good, mamma. You think his principles and temper are trustworthy?"

"Yes, love, papa and I are quite satisfied on that head."

"Then, mamma, dear, why are you so cold and doubtful about us?"

"Because, Katie, Hardington is in the way—his mother is in the way. Remember our difference of position."

"I wish he were never to be any thing more than a lawyer's clerk," sighed Katie, getting off her knees and gliding to the window. Francis George was impatiently pacing the lawn, waiting for her reappearance, and in a minute or two Mrs. Proby was alone.

CHAPTER VII.

FRANCIS GEORGE PERCIVAL MONKE wrote to his mother, announcing his engagement to Katie Proby, and asking her consent to their marriage. No answer was returned. He wrote to her again. Mr. Proby wrote. Mrs. Proby wrote. Katie wrote. No answer. Francis George then addressed his father, and the now servile old gentleman wrote to him that he was free to please himself. His mother was perfectly indifferent to all his proceedings. If he wanted to know whether she would do any thing for him, her answer to that was—No.

So Francis George Percival Monke, heir of Hardington, lord of the manor of Hardington, married Katie Proby, and took her home to a little six-roomed suburban villa, and went on toiling as a lawyer's clerk. Went on toiling through the best years of his life. Went on toiling until four children had been born to him in the little six-roomed house. Went on toiling until the present life in its affectionate simplicity had quite obliterated the hard lines of the former coldly ostentatious life; went on "toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing," until he had neither hope nor anticipation in the magnificent future which must come to him in the common course of nature

There is plenty of space for happiness in a six-roomed suburban villa, with a garden of ten feet square—at least so the life of Francis George Percival Monke and Katie, his wife, testified. They had one care, and that was to give to their sons and daughters such an education as would pass them forward in the world easily: this care was their only one. And they had one sorrow—Katie's first-born died, and was laid to rest in Willingham church-yard.

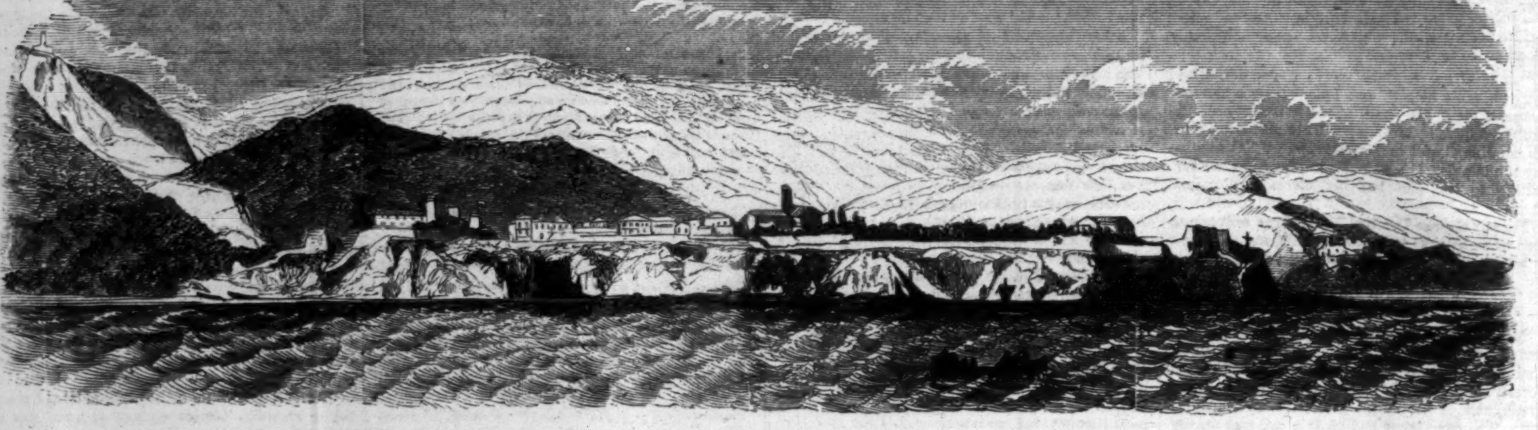
But whatever their cares, whatever their sorrows, whatever their joys, they were all mutual, and served but to draw closer together the links of affection and friendship that united the husband and wife. Neither ever regretted for a moment any sacrifice that had to be made for the other's sake.

CHAPTER VIII.

IT is more than twenty years since the heir of Hardington and Katie were married. He has come to his kingdom at last, ripe in age, ripe in experience, and indifferent except to the best uses of his wealth, because he has learned how little its superfluities can influence our actual happiness in life.

His mother said, before she died, that she forgave him (forgave him what?), and sent for him to receive her blessing. Her son, who retained always his awe and respect for her, fancies himself the better for it—perhaps he is the better for it—I would not like to think that any kin of mine could carry an enmity against me into the other world. Whatever our wrongs, whatever our grievances, surely we can afford to lay them down with every other burden of life when we come to the grave-side!

There is a different rule in Hardington now from that which prevailed there once. Nowhere has the benefits of these times made itself more felt than there.



MONACO, AS SEEN FROM THE SEA.

THE PRINCIPALITY OF MONACO.

THE latest newspapers from Europe inform us that the Emperor of Russia is in treaty for the purchase of the little principality of Monaco, on the Gulf of Genoa. This design of his seems to have aroused the most violent opposition on the part of his brother sovereigns; and, in view of the excitement which is expected, we present the reader, this week, with two views of the town and territory of Monaco, and a picture of the Grand Staircase to the Palace—the principal attraction of the place to strangers.

Monaco is an independent principality about as big as a fair-sized American county, with a population of six to seven thousand, and a capital city of twelve hundred people. It overhangs the blue Mediterranean, whose expanse for many miles may be scanned from the windows of the handsome Louis Quatorze Palace. Adown the sides of the hills and in the valleys grow oranges, lemons, olives, and grapes; grain-fields dot the landscape here and there; the shrubbery is very lovely; the air even balmier than that of Nice; the people generally quiet, polite, and virtuous. A little Paradise on earth, in short. Happy in every respect save in its Government.

The Government of Monaco is despotic and patriarchal. The Prince does not, however, bowstring or behead his subjects from mere pastime. His tyranny is simply financial. He asks of his people a sum of $10,000 a year—that is to say, $1 75 for every man, woman, and child in the principality—and with this the honest man is satisfied. He goes to live at Paris on his income, and visits Monaco only in the season when a man of his fashion can not afford to be seen in town.

He has had his troubles though. Many years ago he quarreled with his brother sovereign, nearest neighbor, and old ally, the King of Sardinia.

STAIR-CASE OF THE PALACE OF MONACO.

Like many another potentate, His Excellency of Monaco presumed on his feebleness, and most grievously insulted His Majesty of Sardinia. The latter, exasperated beyond endurance, declared war, and sent an army consisting of fourteen men, under an old and experienced sergeant, to invade the territory of Monaco and occupy a post which the rival potentates each claimed. The invasion was successful; Monaco, driven to sue for peace, agreed to the terms proposed by Sardinia, and the sovereigns were friends again. Ever since this little affair Sardinia, fearful lest some other power should follow the example she set, and seize Monaco, has graciously, at her own expense, garrisoned the castle of the Prince with 300 Sardinian troops.

A few years ago the Prince of Monaco was very hard up, having just returned from a most unlucky season at Baden. It occurred to him, while reflecting on his distresses, that the Grand Duke of Baden made a great deal of money by licensing gambling-houses in his dominions; and that he, the Prince, would retrieve his shattered fortunes in a remarkably short space of time if he did the like. Accordingly, experienced gamblers were hired by the Prince; and, next summer, *roulette* and *rouge et noire* tables were opened at Monaco. The fashionable world were notified that they could lose their money and blow their brains out as satisfactorily by the side of the blue Mediterranean as under the dusky sky of Germany. But they wouldn't take the hint. Baden had the prestige. Baden was near Paris, near London; near every where.—So, after waiting all summer, with his croupiers feeding on him, the poor Prince of Monaco was obliged to return to Paris poorer than ever.

His last device is the scheme to which we allude above. He wants to sell his principality to Russia. It would be a good thing for him; a good thing for Russia, which needs a Mediterranean port badly; but it is not likely to suit Sardinia and France quite as well.

If Russia owned Monaco she would keep a powerful squadron in the Mediterranean, and, by choosing her time properly, might renew her designs on Turkey with almost a certainty of success. A breakwater would convert the anchorage at Monacho into a large and safe harbor.

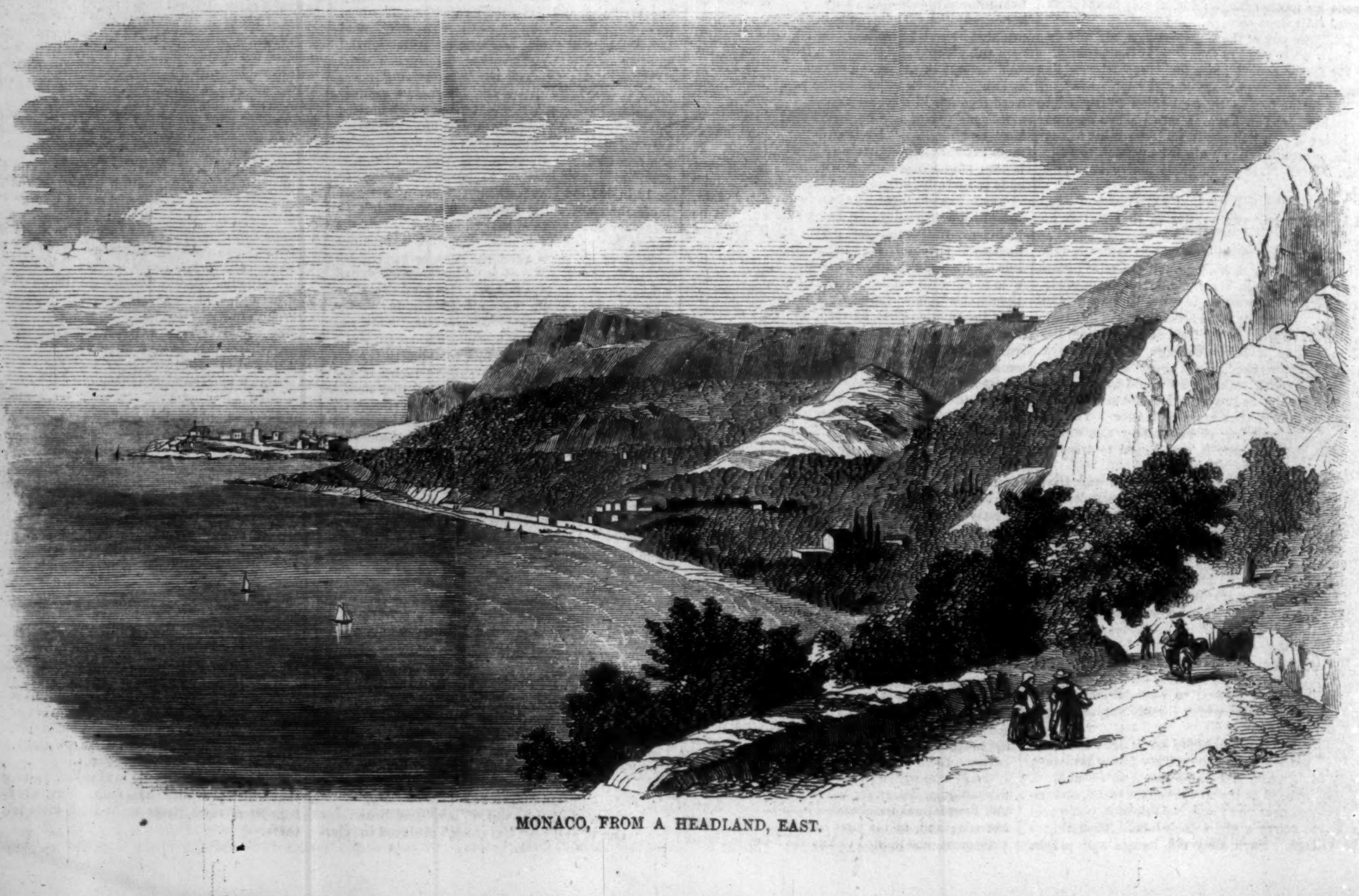
WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

CHAPTER IV.

Guy Darrell's views in the invitation to Waife.

LIONEL had but inadequately represented, for he could but imperfectly comprehend, the pro-



MONACO, FROM A HEADLAND, EAST.

found impression made upon Guy Darrell by George Morley's disclosures. Himself so capable of self-sacrifice, Darrell was the man above all others to regard with an admiring reverence, which partook of awe, a self-immolation that seemed almost above humanity—to him who set so lofty an estimate on good name and fair repute. He had not only willingly permitted, but even urged Lionel to repair to Waife, and persuade the old man to come to Fawley. With Waife he was prepared to enter into the full discussion of Sophy's alleged parentage. But apart even from considerations that touched a cause of perplexity which disquieted himself, Darrell was eager to see and to show homage to the sufferer, in whom he recognized a hero's dignity. And if he had sent by Lionel no letter from himself to Waife, it was only because, in the exquisite delicacy of feeling that belonged to him when his best emotions were aroused he felt it just that the whole merit, and the whole delight of reparation to the wrongs of William Losely, should, without direct interposition of his own, be left exclusively to Charles Haughton's son. Thus far it will be acknowledged that Guy Darrell was not one of those men who, once warmed to magnanimous impulse, are cooled by a thrifty prudence when action grows out of the impulse. Guy Darrell could not be generous by drachm and scruple. Not apt to say, "I apologize"—slow to say, "I repent;" very—very—very slow indeed to say, "I forgive;" yet let him once say, "I repent," "I apologize," or "I forgive," and it was said with his whole heart and soul.

But it must not be supposed that, in authorizing Lionel to undertake the embassy to Waife, or in the anticipation of what might pass between Waife and himself should the former consent to revisit the old house from which he had been so scornfully driven, Darrell had altered, or dreamed of altering, one iota of his resolves against a union between Lionel and Sophy. True, Lionel had induced him to say, "Could it be indisputably proved that no drop of Jasper Losely's blood were in this girl's veins—that she were the lawful child of honest parents, however humble—my right to stand between her and yourself would cease." But a lawyer's experience is less credulous than a lover's hope. And to Darrell's judgment it was wholly improbable that any honest parents, however humble, should have yielded their child to a knave like Jasper, while it was so probable that his own persuasion was well-founded, and that she was Jasper's daughter, though not Matilda's.

The winter-evening had closed. George and Darrell were conversing in the library; the theme, of course, was Waife; and Darrell listened with vivid interest to George's graphic accounts of the old man's gentle, playful humor—with its vague desultory under-currents of poetic fancy or subtle wisdom. But when George turned to speak of Sophy's endearing, lovely nature, and, though cautiously, to intimate an appeal on her behalf to Darrell's sense of duty, or susceptibility to kindly emotions, the proud man's brow became knit, and his stately air evinced displeasure. Fortunately, just at a moment when farther words might have led to a permanent coldness between men so disposed to esteem each other, they heard the sound of wheels on the frosty ground—the shrill bell at the porch-door.

CHAPTER V.

The vagabond received in the Manor House at Fawley.

Very lamely, very feebly, declining Lionel's arm, but leaning heavily on his crutch-stick, Waife crossed the threshold of the Manor House. George sprang forward to welcome him. The old man looked on the preacher's face with a kind of wandering uncertainty in his eye, and George saw that his cheek was very much flushed. He limped on through the hall, still leaning on his staff, George and Lionel at either side. A pace or two, and there stood Darrell! Did he, the host, not spring forward to offer an arm, to extend a hand! No, such greeting in Darrell would have been but vulgar courtesy. As the old man's eye rested on him, the superb gentleman bowed low—bowed as we bow to kings!

They entered the library. Darrell made a sign to George and Lionel. They understood the sign, and left visitor and host alone.

Lionel drew George into the quaint old dining-hall. "I am very uneasy about our dear friend," he said, in agitated accents. "I fear that I have had too little consideration for his years and his sensitive nature, and that, what with the excitement of the conversation that passed between us, and the fatigue of the journey, his nerves have broken down. We were not half-way on the road, and as we had the railway carriage to ourselves, I was talking to him with imprudent earnestness, when he began to tremble all over, and went into a hysterical paroxysm of mingled tears and laughter. I wished to stop at the next station, but he was not long recovering, and insisted on coming on. Still, as we approached Fawley, after muttering to himself, as far as I could catch his words, incoherently, he sank into a heavy state of lethargy or stupor, resting his head on my shoulder. It was with difficulty I roused him when he entered the park."

"Poor old man," said George, feelingly; "no doubt the quick succession of emotions through which he has lately passed has overcome him for the time. But the worst is now past. His interview with Darrell must cheer his heart and soothe his spirits; and that interview over, we must give him all repose and nursing. But tell me what passed between you—if he was very indignant that I could not suffer men like you and my uncle Alban, and Guy Darrell, to believe him a pick-lock and a thief?"

Lionel began his narrative, but had not proceeded far in it before Darrell's voice was heard shouting loud and the library bell rang violently.

They hurried into the library, and Lionel's fears were verified. Waife was in strong convulsions; and as these gradually ceased, and he rested without struggle, half on the floor, half in Darrell's arms, he was evidently unconscious of all around him. His eye was open, but fixed in a glassy stare. The servants thronged into the room; one was dispatched instantly to summon the nearest medical practitioner. "Help me—George—Lionel," said Darrell, "to bear him up stairs. Mills, light us." When they reached the landing-place, Mills asked, "Which room, Sir?"

Darrell hesitated an instant, then his gray eye lit into its dark fire. "My father's room—he shall rest on my father's bed."

When the surgeon arrived, he declared Waife to be in imminent danger—pressure on the brain. He prescribed prompt and vigorous remedies, which had indeed before the surgeon's arrival suggested themselves to, and been partly commenced by, Darrell, who had gone through too many varieties of experience to be unversed in the rudiments of leechcraft. "If I were in my guest's state," asked Darrell of the practitioner, "what would you do?"

"Telegraph instantly for Dr. F——."

"Lionel—you hear? Take my own horse—he will carry you like the wind. Off to * * * *; it is the nearest telegraph station."

Darrell did not stir from Waife's bedside all that anxious night. Dr. F—— did not arrive till morning. He approved of all that had been done, but nevertheless altered the treatment; and after staying some hours, said to Darrell, "I am compelled to leave you for the present; nor could I be of use in staying. I have given all the aid in my power to Nature—we must leave the rest to Nature herself. That fever—those fierce throes and spasms—are but Nature's efforts to cast off the grasp of the enemy we do not see. It now depends on what degree of rallying power be left to the patient. Fortunately, his frame is robust, yet not plethoric. Do you know his habits?"

"I know," answered George; "most temperate, most innocent."

"Then, with constant care, minute attention to my directions, he may recover."

"If care and attention can save my guest's life he shall not die," said Darrell.

The physician looked at the speaker's pale face and compressed lips. "But, Mr. Darrell, I must not have you on my hands too. You must not be out of your bed again to-night."

"Certainly not," said George. "I shall watch alone."

"No," cried Lionel, "that is my post, too."

"Pooh!" said Darrell; "young men so far from Death are not such watchful sentinels against his stroke as men of my years, who have seen him in all aspects; and, moreover, base indeed is the host who deserts his own guest's sick-chamber. Fear not for me, doctor; no man needs sleep less than I do."

Dr. F—— slid his hand on Darrell's pulse. "Irregular—quick; but what vitality! what power!—a young man's pulse! Mr. Darrell, many years for your country's service are yet in these lusty beats."

Darrell breathed his chronic sigh, and, turning back to Waife's bedside, said, "When will you come again?"

"The day after to-morrow."

When the doctor returned Waife was out of immediate danger. Nature, fortified by the "temperate, innocent habits" which husband up her powers, had dislodged, at least for a time, her enemy; but the attack was followed by extreme debility. It was clear that for days, perhaps even weeks to come, the vagrant must remain a prisoner under Darrell's roof-tree.

Lionel had been too mindful of Sophy's anxiety to neglect writing to Lady Montfort the day after Waife's seizure. But he could not find the heart to state the old man's danger; and with the sanguine tendencies of his young nature, even when at the worst, he clung to belief in the best. He refrained from any separate and private communication of Waife's state to Lady Montfort, lest the sadness it would not fail to occasion her should be perceptible to Sophy, and lead her to divine the cause. So he contented himself with saying that Waife had accompanied him to Mr. Darrell's, and would be detained there, treated with all kindness and honor, for some days.

Sophy's mind was relieved by this intelligence, but it filled her with wonder and conjecture. That Waife, who had so pertinaciously refused to break bread as a guest under any man's roof-tree, should be for days receiving the hospitality of Lionel Haughton's wealthy and powerful kinsman, was indeed mysterious. But whatever brought Waife and Lionel thus in confidential intercourse could not but renew yet more vividly the hopes she had been endeavoring of late to stifle. And combining together many desultory remembrances of words escaped unawares from Lionel, from Lady Montfort, from Waife himself, the truth (of which her native acuteness had before admitted glimpses) grew almost clear to her. Was not Mr. Darrell that relation to her lost mother upon whom she had claims not hitherto conceded? Lionel and Waife both with that relation now! Surely the clouds that had rested on her future were admitting the sun through their opening rents—and she blushed as she caught its ray.

CHAPTER VI.

Individual concessions are like political; when you once begin, there is no saying where you will stop.

Waife's first words on recovering consciousness were given to thoughts of Sophy. He had promised her to return, at farthest, the next day; she would be so uneasy—he must get up—he must go at once. When he found his strength would not suffer him to rise, he shed tears. It was only very gradually, and at intervals, that he became acquainted with the length and severity of his attack, or fully sensible that he was in Darrell's house; that that form, of which he had retained vague, dreamy reminiscences, hanging over his pillow, wiping his brow, and soothing him with the sweetest tones of the sweet human voice—that that form, so genial, so brotherlike, was the man who had once commanded him not to sully with his presence a stainless home.

All that had passed within the last few days was finally made clear to him in a short, unwitnessed, touching conversation with his host; after which, however, he became gradually worse; his mind remaining clear, but extremely dejected; his bodily strength evidently sinking. Dr. F—— was again summoned in haste. That great physician was, as every great physician should be, a profound philosopher, though with a familiar ease of manner, and a light, off-hand vein of talk, which made the philosophy less sensible to the taste than any other ingredient in his pharmacopœia. Turning every body else out of the room, he examined his patient alone—sounded the old man's vital organs, with ear and with stethoscope—talked to him now on his feelings, now on the news of the day, and then stepped out to Darrell.

"Something on the heart, my dear Sir; I can't get at it; perhaps you can. Take off that something, and the springs will react, and my patient will soon recover. All about him sound as a rock—but the heart; that has been horribly worried; something worries it now. His heart may be seen in his eye. Watch his eye; it is missing some face it is accustomed to see."

Darrell changed color. He stole back into Waife's room, and took the old man's hand. Waife returned the pressure, and said, "I was just praying for you—and—and—I am sinking fast. Do not let me die, Sir, without wishing poor Sophy a last good-by!"

Darrell passed back to the landing-place, where George and Lionel were standing, while Dr. F—— was snatching a hasty refreshment in the library before his return to town. Darrell laid his hand on Lionel's shoulder. "Lionel, you must go back to London with Dr. F——. I can not keep you here longer. I want your room."

"Sir," said Lionel, aghast, "while Waife is still so ill! You can not be thus unkind."

"Inconsiderate egotist! would you deprive the old man of a presence dearer to him than yours? George, you will go too; but *you* will return. You told me yesterday that your wife was in London for a few days; entreat her to accompany you hither; entreat her to bring with her the poor young lady whom my guest pines to see at his bedside—*the face that his eye misses.*"

CHAPTER VII.

Sophy, Darrell, and the Flute-player. Darrell prepares a surprise for Waife.

Sophy is come. She has crossed that inexorable threshold. She is a guest in the house which rejects her as a daughter. She has been there some days. Waife revived at the first sight of her tender face. He has left his bed; can move for some hours a day into an adjoining chamber, which has been hastily arranged for his private sitting-room; and can walk its floors with a step that grows daily firmer in the delight of leaning on Sophy's arm.

Since the girl's arrival, Darrell has relaxed his watch over the patient. He never now enters his guest's apartment without previous notice; and, by that incommunicable instinct which passes in households between one silent breast and another, as by a law equally strong to attract or repel—here drawing together, there keeping apart—though no rule in either case has been laid down—by virtue, I say, of that strange intelligence, Sophy is not in the old man's room when Darrell enters. Rarely in the twenty-four hours do the host and the fair young guest encounter. But Darrell is a quick and keen observer. He has seen enough of Sophy to be sensible of her charm—to penetrate into her simple, natural loveliness of character—to feel a deep interest in her, and a still deeper pity for Lionel. Secluding himself as much as possible in his private room, or in his leafless woods, his reveries increase in gloom. Nothing unbends his moody brow like Fairthorn's flute or Fairthorn's familiar converse.

It has been said before that Fairthorn knew his secrets. Fairthorn had idolized Caroline Lyndsay. Fairthorn was the only being in the world to whom Guy Darrell could speak of Caroline Lyndsay—to whom he could own the unconquerable but unforgiving love which had twice driven him from the social world. Even to Fairthorn, of course, all could not be told. Darrell could not speak of the letter he had received at Malta, nor of Caroline's visit to him at Fawley; for to do so, even to Fairthorn, was like a treason to the *dignity* of the Beloved. And Guy Darrell might rail at her inconstancy—her heartlessness; but to boast that she had lowered herself by the proffers that were dictated by repentance, Guy Darrell could not do *that*;—he was a gentleman. Still there was much left to say. He could own that he thought she would now accept his hand; and when Fairthorn looked happy at that thought, and hinted at excuses for her former fickleness, it was a great relief to Darrell to fly into a rage; but if the flute-player meanly turned round and became himself Caroline's accuser, then poor Fairthorn was indeed frightened, for Darrell's trembling lip or melancholy manner overwhelmed the assailant with self-reproach, and sent him sidelong into one of his hidden coverts.

But at this moment Fairthorn was a support to him under other trials—Fairthorn, who respects as he does, as no one else ever can, the sanctity of the Darrell line—who would shrink like himself from the thought that the daughter of Jasper Losely, and in all probability not a daughter of Matilda Darrell, should ever be mistress of that ancestral hall, lowly and obscure and mouldering though it be—and that the child of a sharper, a thief, a midnight assassin, should carry on the lineage of knights and warriors in whose stainless scutcheons, on many a Gothic tomb or over the portals of ruined castles, was impaled the heraldry of Brides sprung from the loins of Lion Kings! Darrell, then, doing full justice to all Sophy's beauty and grace, purity and goodness, was more and more tortured by the conviction that she could never be wife to the man on whom, for want of all nearer kindred, would devolve the heritage of the Darrell name.

On the other hand, Sophy's feelings toward her host were almost equally painful and imbittered. The tenderness and reverence that he had showed to her beloved grandfather, the affecting gratitude with which Waife spoke of him, necessarily deepened her prepossessions in his favor as Lionel's kinsman; and though she saw him so sparingly, still, when they did meet, she had no right to complain of his manner. It might be distant, taciturn; but it was gentle, courteous—the manner which might be expected, in a host of secluded habits, to a young guest from whose sympathies he was removed by years, but to whose comforts he was unobtrusively considerate—whose wishes were delicately forestalled. Yet was this all that her imagination had dared to picture on entering those gray walls? Where was the evidence of the relationship of which she had dreamed?—where a single sign that she was more in that house than a mere guest?—where, alas! a token that even Lionel had named her to his kinsman, and that for Lionel's sake that kinsman bade her welcome? And Lionel too—gone the very day before she arrived! *That* she learned incidentally from the servant who showed her into her room. Gone, and not addressed a line to herself, though but to condole with her on her grandfather's illness, or congratulate her that the illness had spared the life! She felt wounded to the very core. As Waife's progressive restoration allowed her thoughts more to revert to so many causes for pain and perplexity, the mystery of all connected with her own and Waife's sojourn under that roof baffled her attempts at conjecture. The old man did not volunteer explanations. Timidly she questioned him; but his nerves yet were so unstrung, and her questions so evidently harassed him, that she only once made that attempt to satisfy her own bewilderment, and smiled as if contented when he said, after a long pause, "Patience yet, my child; let me get a little stronger. You see Mr. Darrell will not suffer me to talk with him on matters that must be discussed with him before I go; and then—and then—Patience till then, Sophy."

Neither George nor his wife gave her any clew to the inquiries that preyed upon her mind. The latter, a kind, excellent woman, meekly devoted to her husband, either was, or affected to be, in ignorance of the causes that had led Waife to Fawley, save very generally that Darrell had once wronged him by an erring judgment, and had hastened to efface that wrong. And then she kissed Sophy fondly, and told her that brighter days were in store for the old man and herself. George said, with more authority—the authority of the priest—"Ask no questions. Time, that solves all riddles, is hurrying on, and Heaven directs its movements."

Her very heart was shut up, except where it could gush forth—nor even then with full tide—in letters to Lady Montfort. Caroline had heard from George's wife, with intense emotion, that Sophy was summoned to Darrell's house, the gravity of Waife's illness being considerately suppressed. Lady Montfort could but suppose that Darrell's convictions had been shaken—his resolutions softened; that he sought an excuse to see Sophy, and judge of her himself. Under this impression, in parting with her young charge, Caroline besought Sophy to write to her constantly, and frankly. Sophy felt an inexpressible relief in this correspondence. But Lady Montfort in her replies was not more communicative than Waife or the Morleys, only she seemed more thoughtfully anxious that Sophy should devote herself to the task of propitiating her host's affections. She urged her to try and break through his reserve—see more of him; as if that were possible! And her letters were more filled with questions about Darrell than even with admonitions and soothings to Sophy. The letters that arrived at Fawley were brought in a bag, which Darrell opened; but Sophy noticed that it was with a peculiar compression of lip, and a marked change of color, that he had noticed the handwriting on Lady Montfort's first letter to her, and that after that first time her letters were not inclosed in the bag, but came apart, and were never again given to her by her host.

Thus passed days in which Sophy's time was spent chiefly in Waife's sick-room. But now he is regaining strength hourly. To his sitting-room comes George frequently to relieve Sophy's watch. There, once a day, comes Guy Darrell, and what then passed between the two men none witnessed. In these hours Waife insisted upon Sophy's going forth for air and exercise. She is glad to steal out alone—steal down by the banks of the calm lake, or into the gloom of the mournful woods. Here she not unfrequently encounters Fairthorn, who, having taken more than ever to the flute, is driven more than ever to outdoor rambles; for he has been

cautioned not to indulge in his melodious resource within doors lest he disturb the patient.

Fairthorn and Sophy thus made acquaintance, distant and shy at first on both sides; but it gradually became more frank and cordial. Fairthorn had an object not altogether friendly in encouraging this intimacy. He thought, poor man, that he should be enabled to extract from Sophy some revelations of her early life, which would elucidate, not in favor of her asserted claims, the mystery that hung upon her parentage. But had Dick Fairthorn been the astutest of diplomatists, in this hope he would have been equally disappointed. Sophy had nothing to communicate. Her ingenuousness utterly baffled the poor flute-player. Out of an innocent, unconscious kind of spite, on ceasing to pry into Sophy's descent, he began to enlarge upon the dignity of Darrell's. He inflicted on her the long-winded genealogical memoir, the recital of which had, on a previous occasion, so nearly driven Lionel Haughton from Fawley. He took her to see the antiquary's grave; he spoke to her, as they stood there, of Darrell's ambitious boyhood—his arid, laborious manhood—his determination to restore the fallen line—the very vow he had made to the father he had so pityingly revered. He sought to impress on her the consciousness that she was the guest of one who belonged to a race with whom spotless honor was the all in all; and who had gone through life with bitter sorrows, but reverencing that race, and vindicating that honor: Fairthorn's eye would tremble—his eyes flash on her while he talked. She, poor child, could not divine why; but she felt that he was angry with her—*speaking at her*. In fact, Fairthorn's prickly tongue was on the barbed point of exclaiming, "And how dare you foist yourself into this unsullied lineage!—how dare you think that the dead would not turn in their graves ere they would make room in the vault of the Darrells for the daughter of a Jasper Losely!" But though she could not conceive the musician's covert meaning in these heraldic discourses, Sophy, with a justness of discrimination that must have been intuitive, separated from the more fantastic declamations of the grotesque genealogist that which was genuine and pathetic in the single image of the last descendant in a long and gradually-falling race, lifting it up once more into power and note on toiling shoulders, and standing on the verge of age, with the melancholy consciousness that the effort was successful only for his fleeting life; that, with all his gold, with all his fame, the hope which had achieved alike the gold and the fame was a lying mockery, and that name and race would perish with himself, when the earth yawned for him beside the antiquary's grave. And these recitals made her conceive a more soft and tender interest in Guy Darrell than she had before admitted; they accounted for the mournfulness on his brow; they lessened her involuntary awe of that stateliness of bearing, which before had only chilled her as the evidence of pride.

While Fairthorn and Sophy thus matured acquaintance, Darrell and Waife were drawing closer and closer to each other. Certainly no one would be predisposed to suspect any congeniality of taste, intellect, experience, or emotion, between two men whose lives had been so widely different—in whose faults or merits the ordinary observer would have seen nothing but antagonism and contrast. Unquestionably their characters were strikingly dissimilar, yet there was that in each which the other recognized as familiar to his own nature. Each had been the victim of his heart; each had passed over the plowshare of self-sacrifice. Darrell had offered up his youth—Waife his age;—Darrell to a Father and the unrequiting Dead—Waife to a Son whose life had become his terror. To one man, NAME had been an idol; to the other, NAME had been a weed cast away into the mire. To the one man, unjoyous, evanescent glory—to the other, a shame that had been borne with a sportive cheerfulness, dashed into sorrow only when the world's contumely threatened to despoil Affection of its food. But there was something akin in their joint experience of earthly vanities;—so little solace in worldly honors to the triumphant Orator—so little of misery to the vagrant Mime while his conscience mutely appealed to Heaven from the verdict of his kind. And as beneath all the levity and whim of the man reared and nurtured, and fitted by his characteristic tendencies, to view life through its humors, not through its passions, there still ran a deep under-current of grave and earnest intellect and feeling—so too, amidst the severer and statelier texture of the one ambitious, laborious mind, which had conducted Darrell to renown—amidst all that gathered-up intensity of passion, which admitted no comedy into Sorrow, and saw in Love but the aspect of Fate—amidst all this lofty seriousness of soul, there was yet a vivid capacity of enjoyment—those fine sensibilities to the pleasurable sun-rays of life, which are constitutional to all GENIUS, no matter how grave its vocations. True, affliction at last may dull them, as it dulls all else that we took from Nature when she equipped us for life. Yet, in the mind of Darrell, affliction had shattered the things most gravely coveted, even more than it had marred its perceptive acknowledgment of the sympathies between fancies that move to smiles, and thoughts that bequeath solemn lessons, or melt to no idle tears. Had Darrell been placed amidst the circumstances that make happy the homes of earnest men, Darrell would have been mirthful; had Waife been placed among the circumstances that concentrate talent, and hedge round life with trained thicksets and belting laurels, Waife would have been grave.

It was not in the earlier conferences that took place in Waife's apartment that the subject which had led the old man to Fawley was brought into discussion. When Waife had sought to introduce it—when, after Sophy's arrival, he had looked wistfully into Darrell's face, striving to read there the impression she had created, and, unable to discover, had begun, with tremulous accents, to reopen the cause that weighed on him—Darrell stopped him at once. "Hush—not yet; remember that it was in the very moment you first broached this sorrowful topic, on arriving here, and perceived how different the point of view from which we two must regard it, that your nerves gave way—your illness rushed on you. Wait, not only till you are stronger, but till we know each other better. This subject is one that it becomes us to treat with all the strength of our reason—with all the calm which either can impose upon the feelings that ruffle judgment. At present, talk we of all matters except that, which I promise you shall be fairly discussed at last."

Darrell found, however, that his most effective diversion from the subject connected with Sophy was through another channel in the old man's affections, hopes, and fears. George Morley, in repeating the conversation he had overheard between Waife and Jasper, had naturally, while clearing the father, somewhat softened the bravado and cynicism of the son's language, and more than somewhat brightened the touches of natural feeling by which the bravado and cynicism had been alternated. And Darrell had sufficient magnanimity to conquer the repugnance with which he approached a name associated with so many dark and hateful memories, and, avoiding as much as possible distinct reference to Jasper's past life, to court a consultation on the chances of saving from the worst the life that yet remained. With whom else, indeed, than Jasper's father could Darrell so properly and so unreservedly discuss a matter in which their interest and their fear were in common?—As though he were rendering some compensation to Waife for the disappointment he would experience when Sophy's claims came to be discussed—if he could assist in relieving the old man's mind as to the ultimate fate of the son for whom he had made so grand a sacrifice, Darrell spoke to Waife somewhat in detail of the views with which he had instructed Colonel Morley to find out and to treat with Jasper. He heard from the Colonel almost daily. Alban had not yet discovered Jasper, nor even succeeded in tracing Mrs. Crane! But an account of Jasper's wild farewell visit to that den of thieves, from which he had issued safe and triumphant, had reached the ears of a detective employed by the Colonel, and on tolerably good terms with Cutts; and it was no small comfort to know that Jasper had finally broken with those miscreant comrades, and had never again been seen in their haunts. As Arabella had introduced herself to Alban by her former name, and neither he nor Darrell was acquainted with that she now bore, and as no questions on the subject could be put to Waife during the earlier stages of his illness, so it was several days before the Colonel had succeeded in tracing her out as Mrs. Crane of Podden Place—a discovery effected by a distant relation to whom he had been referred at the famous school of which Arabella had been the pride, and who was no doubt the owner of those sheepskin account-books by which the poor grim woman had once vainly sought to bribe Jasper into honest work. But the house in Podden Place was shut up—not a soul in charge of it. The houses immediately adjoining it were tenantless. The Colonel learned, however, from a female servant in an opposite house, that several days ago she had seen a tall, powerful-looking man enter Mrs. Crane's street-door; that she had not seen him quit it; that some evenings afterward, as this servant was closing up the house in which she served, she had remarked a large private carriage driving away from Mrs. Crane's door; that it was too dark to see who were in the carriage, but she had noticed a woman whom she felt fully sure was Mrs. Crane's servant, Bridgett Greggs, on the box beside the coachman.

Alban had been to the agent employed by Mrs. Crane in the letting of her houses, but had not there gained any information. The Colonel believed that Mrs. Crane had succeeded in removing Jasper from London—had, perhaps, accompanied him abroad. If with her, at all events, for the present, he was safe from the stings of want, and with one who had sworn to save him from his own guilty self. If, however, still in England, Alban had no doubt, sooner or later, to hunt him up.

Upon the whole, this conjectural information, though unsatisfactory, allayed much anxiety. Darrell made the most of it in his representations to Waife. And the old man, as we know, was one not hard to comfort, never quarreling irrevocably with Hope.

And now Waife is rapidly recovering. Darrell, after spending the greater part of several days, intent upon a kind of study from which he had been estranged for many years, takes to frequent absences for the whole day; goes up to London by the earliest train, comes back by the latest. George Morley also goes to London for a few hours. Darrell, on returning, does not allude to the business which took him to the metropolis; neither does George, but the latter seems unusually animated and excited. At length, after one of these excursions, so foreign to his habits, he and George enter together the old man's apartment not long before the early hour at which the convalescent retires to rest. Sophy was seated on the footstool at Waife's knee, reading the Bible to him, his hand resting lightly on her bended head. The sight touched both George and Darrell; but Darrell, of the two, was the more affected. What young, pure voice shall read to *him* the Book of Hope in the evening of lonely age? Sophy started in some confusion, and as, in quitting the room, she passed by Darrell, he took her hand gently, and scanned her features more deliberately, more earnestly than he had ever yet seemed to do; then he sighed, and dropped the hand, murmuring, "Pardon me." Was he seeking to read in that fair face some likeness to the Darrell lineaments? If he had found it, what then? But when Sophy was gone, Darrell came straight to Waife with a cheerful brow—with a kindling eye.

"William Losely," said he.

"Waife, if you please, Sir," interrupted the old man.

"William Losely," repeated Darrell, "justice seeks to repair, so far as, alas! it now can, the wrongs inflicted on the name of William Losely. Your old friend Alban Morley supplying me with the notes he had made in the matter of your trial, I arranged the evidence they furnished. The Secretary for the Home Department is one of my most intimate political friends—a man of humanity—of sense. I placed that evidence before him. I, George, and Mr. Hartopp—saw him after he had perused it—"

"My—son—Lizzy's son!"

"His secret will be kept. The question was not who committed the act for which you suffered, but whether *you* were clearly, incontestably innocent of the act, and, in pleading guilty, did but sublimely bear the penalty of another. There will be no new trial—there are none who would prosecute. I bring back to you the Queen's free pardon under the Great Seal. I should explain to you that this form of the royal grace is so rarely given that it needed all the strength and affecting circumstance of your peculiar case to justify the Home Secretary in listening, not only to the interest I could bring to bear in your favor, but to his own humane inclinations. The pardon under the Great Seal differs from an ordinary pardon. It purges the blood from the taint of felony—it remits all the civil disabilities which the mere expiry of a penal sentence does not remove. In short, as applicable to your case, it becomes virtually a complete and formal attestation of your innocence. Alban Morley will take care to apprise those of your old friends who may yet survive of that revocation of unjust obloquy which this royal deed implies—Alban Morley, who would turn his back on a prince of the blood if but guilty of some jockey trick on the turf! Live henceforth openly, and in broad daylight, if you please; and trust to us three—the Soldier, the Lawyer, the Churchman—to give to this paper that value which your Sovereign's advisers intend it to receive."

"Your hand now, dear old friend!" cried George. "You remember I commanded you once to take mine as man and gentleman; as man and gentleman now honor me with yours."

"Is it possible?" faltered Waife, one hand in George's, the other extended in imploring appeal to Darrell—"is it possible? I vindicated—I cleared—and yet no felon's dock for Jasper!—the son not criminated by the father's acquittal! Tell me that! again—again!"

"It is so, believe me. All that rests is to force on that son, if he have a human heart, the conviction that he will be worse than a parricide if he will not save himself."

"And he will—he shall! Oh that I could but get at him!" exclaimed the preacher.

"And now," said Darrell—"now, George, leave us; for now, upon equal terms, we two fathers can discuss family differences."

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Rivaling the graces?
Help to make their labor light,
For care will leave its traces.
Buy us then a new Machine,
One to do our sewing;
One of Grover & Baker's make,
It is the best one going.

Now let each one do his part
To make his own home sunny,
Don't think that you'll accomplish this
Without a little money,
But buy at once a new Machine,
One to do the sewing;
One of Grover & Baker's make,
It is the best one going.

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MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS.

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